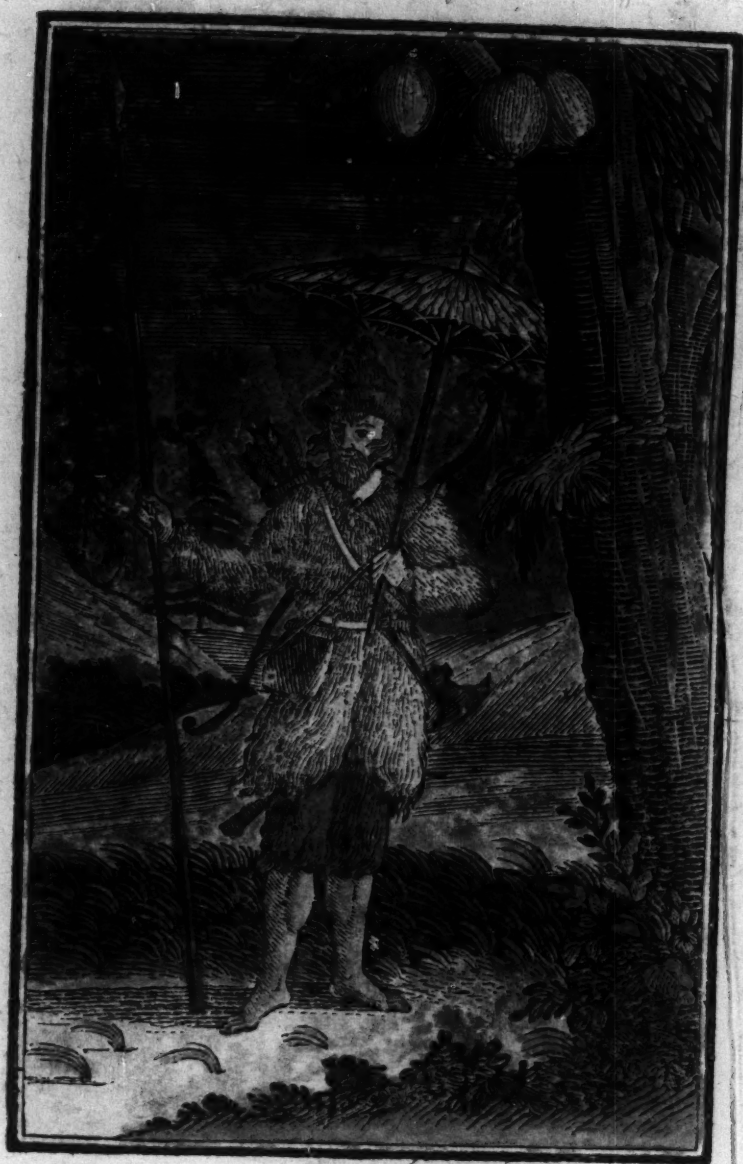




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AN  
ABRIDGEMENT  
OF THE  
NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE;  
AN INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING  
HISTORY,  
FOR THE USE OF  
CHILDREN OF BOTH SEXES.  
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

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Embellished with Thirty-two beautiful Cuts.

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ABRIDGEMENT

WILLIAM ROBINSON CRUSOE

THE HISTORY OF

THE LIFE OF

CRUSOE

IN THE ISLAND OF CRUSOE

BY WILLIAM ROBINSON

CRUSOE

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# P R E F A C E.

**S**OME writers have affirmed that mankind are all born with the same dispositions and the same degree of understanding ; and that education, laws, and customs, create all the difference perceivable between man and man. I confess, I can hardly bring myself to suppose that education alone produced the wide dissimilarity which exists between the characters of Therfites and Achilles, or those of Socrates and Anytus : at the same time it will ever be an acknowledged truth, that even he who is most indebted to Nature will reap but small advantage from her gifts, unless they are improved by mature and judicious cultivation.

The improvement of mankind, as far as it can be effected by education, has been more attended to in the present age than ever it was in any preceding one. If the endeavours used to this purpose have not had all the success that might be expected from them, they have at least excited the attention and directed the minds of men towards an object, the accomplishment of which, as it is more or less perfect, has ever a proportionable effect upon the happiness of families, and consequently upon the state of society in general.

The following work is indebted to the *Emilius* of the late celebrated Jean Jacques Rousseau for the form that it bears. Mr. Campe, the author of it, expresses himself thus : " I never read the following passage in the second volume of *Emilius* without the most sensible satisfaction. Nothing upon earth can be so well calculated to inspire one with ardour in the execution of a plan approved by so great a genius.

" Might there not be found means," says Rousseau, " to bring together so many lessons of instruction that lie scattered in so many books ; to apply them through a single object of a familiar and not uncommon nature, capable of engaging the imitation, as well as rousing and fixing the attention even at so tender an age ? If one could imagine a situation in which all the natural wants of man appear in the clearest light to the understanding of a child, and in which

the means of satisfying these wants unfold themselves successively in the same clear, easy manner, the lively and natural description of such a state should be the first means that I would use to set his imagination at work."

"I have divided the time of my New Robinson Crusoe's remaining upon the island into three periods. In the first he is all alone and destitute of any European tool or instrument whatsoever, assisting himself merely by his hands and invention; in order to shew, on the one hand, how helpless man is in a state of solitude, and, on the other, how much reflection and persevering efforts can contribute to the improvement of our condition. In the second period, I give him a companion, on purpose to shew how much a man's situation may be bettered by taking even this single step towards society. Lastly, in the third period, a vessel from Europe is shipwrecked on his island, and gives him an opportunity thereby of providing himself with tools and most other articles necessary in common life, in order that the young reader may see how valuable many things are of which we are accustomed to make very little account, because we have never experienced the want of them."

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For the external form of this little work, it is but just to observe, that no pains have been spared to embellish it, and that the addition of 32 handsome cuts cannot fail of rendering it at once more sprightly and intelligible to the young reader, for whom it is intended. In effect, these little prints serve admirably to afford the child a just conception of the remarkable passages in a work; and it may, perhaps, be affirmed, with truth, that no parts, even of the most interesting stories, make a stronger or more lasting impression on the memory, than those which are the subjects of the cuts.

With these advantages, it is hoped, the New Robinson Crusoe will find its way to the studies of the younger class of both sexes, and afford them at once both innocent entertainment and moral instruction.

T H E

# NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE.

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## F I R S T   E V E N I N G .

**A** GENTLEMAN, of the name of Billingsley, resided some years ago at Twickenham, who, having a pretty large family, and but a moderate fortune, determined to undertake himself the care of his children's education. He proposed, by this plan, on the one hand, to avoid the enormous expence of keeping them at what are called genteel boarding-schools, and, on the other, to enjoy the pleasing observation of their improvement in learning, sense, and good behaviour. To remark, with silent but attentive eyes, the gradual advance of his children towards the perfection of reason and virtue; to assist, with his advice and instruction, their endeavours to become more learned, honest, and wise; and to have the happy consciousness, that he should one day be considered, what all parents ought, as the instrument and cause of his children's eternal welfare; all this, he thought, would be more than a sufficient reward for whatever cares and fatigue he should undergo in the course of their education.

He, therefore, laid down for them a regular plan of study, to which he afterwards strictly adhered. In this was included a course of reading; and some book, that was at once both instructive and entertaining, afforded them amusement every evening for two or three hours before supper. But, as this exercise was meant by their father solely to increase their fund of knowledge, and enlarge their understanding, in order that it might appear rather as a relaxation from their closer studies, than a labour imposed on them, Mr. Billingsley, in general, undertook the task of reading himself. The following History of the New Robinson Crusoe was, during some weeks, the subject of their evening's entertainment; and was thus introduced.

Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. Billingsley, being seated by the parlour fire, together with Mr. Rose and Mr. Meredith, two intimate friends of the family, and all the children, whose names will appear successively in the course of the story, being assembled in their proper places, Mr. Billingsley began his relation as follows :

*Mr. Billingsley.* Well, my dear children, I have a book for your entertainment this evening that contains a very extraordinary story. Some parts of it will make your hair stand on end, and others will perfectly delight you.

*George.* Ah ! but do not let it be too melancholy, papa.

*Harriet.* No, my dear papa, not too melancholy ; for then it will make us all cry, you know.

*Richard.* Hold your tongues ; papa knows what to read, I warrant you.

*Mr. Bill.* Do not be uneasy, my dears. I will take care that there shall not be any thing too tragical in it.

There lived in the town of Exeter a person of the name of Crusoe. He had three sons, the eldest of whom, having an inclination to serve in the army, enlisted himself as a soldier, went abroad with his regiment to Flanders, and was killed at the battle of Fontenoy.

The second entered the University of Oxford, and made a considerable progress in learning, but died of a consumption.

There remained, therefore, but the youngest, whose name was Robinson. In him, as he was now become their only son, Mr. and Mrs. Crusoe placed all their hopes and expectations. They loved him as the apple of their eye, but their love was blind and injudicious.

*Geo.* What is the meaning of that, papa ?

*Mr. Bill.* I will tell you—Your mother and I love you all, my dear children, as you well know ; but for that very reason we keep you close at your business every day, and teach you many things both useful and agreeable, because we know that to be the best way to make you good and happy. But Robinson's parents did not act in the same manner. They suffered their *dear child* to do whatever he pleased ; and as this *dear child* liked better to play than to work or to learn any thing, they let him play almost the whole day long, by which means he learned little or nothing. Now this is what we call an injudicious love in parents.

*Geo.* I understand now, papa.

*Mr.*

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson grew up a stout stripling before his parents had determined what profession they should give him. His father was desirous that he should learn some trade, but the son had not the least inclination that way. He said he should like better to travel, to see the world, and become acquainted with the various objects and customs that foreign countries afford.

In speaking thus, young Crusoe shewed his ignorance and folly. If he had begun by laying in a good stock of learning, it would have been another matter. But what profit could a raw, ignorant boy, like him, gain by seeing foreign countries? When a man wishes to make his way in the world, be it in what country it will, he ought to be provided beforehand with a tolerable share of knowledge; but this was what Robinson never once thought of.

He was now seventeen years of age. The greatest part of this time he had mispent in sauntering about and playing in the streets of Exeter. Every day he was teasing his father for leave to go and travel. But his father told him that he would not hear a word upon the subject. "My dear child," his mother would say to him, "stick to your own country, and never think of rambling."

One day——

*Harriet.* Aha! now it begins.

*Edw.* Pshaw! hold your tongue.

*Mr. Bill.* One day, when, according to custom, he was strolling about the streets, he met one of his old playfellows, whose father was captain of a ship trading to Amsterdam, and who had just come down from Plymouth to see some of his relations that lived at Exeter. He told Robinson that he was to set off with his father in a day or two for Amsterdam.

*Charlotte.* What, papa, by the stage?

*Henry.* No, Charlotte, but in a ship; for you must cross the sea to go to Amsterdam. Well, papa.

*Mr. Bill.* He asked Robinson if he should like to go with him. "Yes, very well," replied he, "but my parents will not consent to it." "Pooh!" said the other, "come off with me as you are, just for the frolick. We shall be back again in a month or six weeks; and as to your father and mother, you have only to let them know were you are gone." "But," says Robinson, "I have no money in my pocket." "You will not want any," replied his companion; "but if you should, I'll supply you."

Young

Mr. Robinson grew up a fastidious person, his parents had instilled in him the most scrupulous notions of propriety. His father was a doctor, and he himself was a student of medicine.



...with his father, and the other, ...  
...for the first time. ...  
...and as to your father and ...  
...we have only what is ...  
...I have no objection ...  
...You will not want any, ...  
...but if you should, I'll supply you.

Young Crusoe hesitated a few moments, at last, slapping his companion's hand, he cries, "Agreed, my boy! I will go along with you: let us set off this moment for Plymouth." At the same time he commissioned one of his acquaintances to let his father know (after the expiration of a few hours), that he was only gone to see the city of Amsterdam, and that he should be back in a week or two.

*Rich.* I do not like this Mr. Robinson Crusoe.

*Edw.* Nor I neither.

*Mr. Rose.* Why so, Richard?

*Rich.* Because he seems to make nothing of leaving his father and mother without their permission.

*Mr. Rose.* You are extremely right, Richard; he committed there a very rash, foolish action, and we should pity him for his folly. But, thank Heaven, there are not many young persons now so ignorant as not to know their duty towards their parents.

*Edw.* What! are there other boys, then, like Robinson Crusoe?

*Mr. Rose.* I have not yet found any; but one thing I know for certain, which is, that no good can ever come of young people who behave like him.

*Rich.* Well, let us hear what becomes of Robinson.

*Mr. Bill.* A short time after Robinson and the captain's son were got on board, the sailors weighed anchor and set their sails. The wind blew fresh, and they cleared out of the harbour, bidding adieu to Plymouth for a short while. Young Crusoe was upon the deck with his friend, and almost out of his wits with joy that he was at length going to begin his travels.

The evening was fine, and the breeze blew so favourably, that they soon lost sight of the town and harbour of Plymouth. They were now on the open sea, and Robinson stared with admiration when he saw nothing before him but the sky and the water. By degrees they began to loose sight of land, and as night came on they could see nothing on that quarter but the Eddystone lighthouse. This also disappeared in a short time, and from that moment Robinson saw nothing above him but the sky, nor before, behind, and all round him, but the sea.

*Geo.* That must be a prospect!

*Mr. Mered.* It is not impossible but you may see such a one before it be long.

*Geo.*

Geo. Oh! shall we go upon the sea?

Mr. Mered. If you will be very attentive while you are learning geography, so as to know which course you must take to go from one place to another.

Mr. Bill. Yes, and if by working constantly, and being temperate in your victuals, you make your bodies hardy enough to bear the fatigue of such a voyage, we may, perhaps, some day in summer, take a boat down the river as far as London, where some of you have never been yet.

*All the Children.* Oh! oh!

Mr. Bill. I cannot tell but we may take a trip to Margate for a few weeks, where you will have as wide a prospect of the sea as Robinson Crusoe had when he was sailing out of Plymouth harbour. (*Here they all get up and run about their father. They hang on his neck, his arms, and his knees, expressing their joy with caresses, clapping of hands, and jumping about.*)

Harriet. Will you let me make one of the party?

Mrs. Bill. Yes, my dear, if you are able to go so far.

Harriet. But it is very far, is it not, papa? Perhaps farther than Richmond, where Mr. Compton lives, and another gentleman that has a great house and a large garden—Oh! so large! a great deal larger than our garden. I was all through it, was I not, papa? the day that Charlotte and I were gathering cowslips in the meadow.

Mr. Bill. Yes, I remember, and we were looking at the folks plowing.

Harriet. Yes, and we went into a smith's forge that was by the road's side.

Mr. Bill. And afterwards up into a windmill.

Harriet. Ah, yes, where the wind blew off my bonnet.

Mr. Bill. Which the miller's boy brought back to you again.

Harriet. That was a good boy; was he not, papa?

Mr. Bill. Yes, he was a good boy for being so obliging as to do us a kindness, though he had never seen us before.

Harriet. However, you gave him something, I suppose.

Mr. Bill. Certainly, my dear, I gave him something; for every one likes to reward those that are obliging—But we forget Robinson Crusoe. We must make haste to overtake him, or else we shall lose sight of him, for he is going at a furious rate.

For two days they had constantly good weather and a favourable

vourable wind. The third day the sky was darkened with clouds, the wind blew with uncommon violence, and the air grew every moment darker and darker.

In short, it was a dreadful storm. The rain came down in floods, and the violence of the wind tossed the sea about in such a manner that the waves swelled and rose mountain high.

Then it would have been worth while to see how the ship went see-saw. One time a large wave carried it, as it were, up to the clouds; another time it dipped down as if it was going to the bottom of the deep; then it rolled to one side and the other, and lay down so flat that at times its very masts seemed to touch the water.

What a noise was amongst the ropes! what a clattering upon the deck! The sailors were obliged, each of them, to hold fast to something or other for fear of being washed overboard. Robinson Crusoe, who had never been accustomed to all this, grew giddy, felt a sickness at his stomach, and was so bad that he thought he should have vomited to death. They call it sea-sickness.

*Rich.* That is what he has gained by running away.

*Mr. Bill.* "Oh! my poor parents! my poor father and mother!" cried he incessantly; "they will never see me more! O miserable fool that I am to have brought this affliction on them!"

Crack! went something on the deck. "Heaven have mercy on us!" cried the sailors, turning as pale as death, and clasping their hands together. "What is the matter?" asked Robinson, who was half-dead with affright.

"Ah! we are all lost!" answered one of the seamen; "the lightning has shivered our mizen-mast to pieces," (that is, the hindmost of the three masts that are in a ship,) "and the main-mast stands by so slender a hold that we must cut it down and throw it overboard."

"We are all lost!" cried out another voice from below; "the ship has sprung a leak, and there are four feet water in the hold."

At these words Robinson, who was sitting down on the cabin floor, fell backwards, void of sense and motion. All the rest ran to the pumps, in order, if possible, to keep the vessel afloat. At last, one of the sailors came and shook Robinson by the shoulder, asking him if he intended to be the only one who would do nothing for the preservation of

the ship, but lie there stretched at his length while all the rest of the people worked until they were not able to stand.

He tried, therefore, to rise, weak as he was, and took his place at one of the pumps. In the mean time the captain ordered some guns to be fired as a signal of distress to other ships, if there should happen to be any within hearing capable of assisting them. Robinson, who did not know the meaning of these shots, thought the vessel was splitting in pieces, and fainted away again. One of the sailors, who took his place at the pump, pushed him on one side with his foot, and left him there stretched at full length, imagining that he was dead.

They pumped with all their strength; nevertheless the water still gained upon them in the hold, and now they only waited for the moment when the vessel would sink. In order to lighten her, they threw overboard every thing that they could possibly spare, as the guns, bales of goods, hogheads, &c. But all that was of no manner of service.

However, another ship had heard their signals of distress, and, as the storm began about this time to abate considerably, ventured to send out her boat, and thereby saved the crew.

They had hardly rowed many minutes, before the ship, which was still pretty near them, sunk before their eyes. Happily the storm was now almost totally abated, otherwise the waves would inevitably have swallowed up the boat, which was then as full of people as it could hold. After many dangers it got safe at length to the ship, where they were all taken in.

*Geo.* Ah! well, I am glad, however, that the poor people were not drowned.

*Edw.* I was sadly in pain for them.

*Harriet.* Well, this will teach master Robinson never to be so naughty again.

*Mrs. Bill.* That is just my opinion too. Let us hope that he will be the better for this danger.

*Henry.* Well, what became of him after?

*Mr. Bill.* The ship that had taken him and the rest of the crew in, was bound to London. In four days she arrived at the Nore, and the next day came to anchor in the river.

*Charlotte.* What is the Nore, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* The Nore is a small sandy bank at the mouth of the Thames, where a vessel is constantly stationed, which hangs

hangs up two lights every night to be a guide to ships that enter the river.

They now landed, and happy was each one to have thus escaped the dangers of the sea. As to Robinson, his first care was to see London, and for this purpose he spent a day or two in rambling all over the city, where he met with such a variety of new objects as entirely put the remembrance of past dangers out of his head, as well as all thoughts of the future. Happening one day to meet the captain with whom he had set sail from Plymouth, he received an invitation to dine with him, which was very agreeable to Robinson, as he had spent what little money he had borrowed from the captain's son. At dinner the captain asked him what particular motive he had for going to Amsterdam, and what he intended to have done there. Robinson answered him frankly, that he had nothing in view but his amusement; that he had come off unknown to his father and mother, and at present did not know what to do with himself.

"Unknown to your father and mother!" cried the captain: "Good heavens! why did not I know that before? Believe me, imprudent young man, if I had known so much at Plymouth, I would not have taken you on board of my ship, if you had offered me a million of money."

Robinson sat with down-cast eyes blushing for shame, and unable to answer a single word.

The honest captain continued to represent to him the folly that he had been guilty of, and told him that he could never be happy unless he repented of what he had done, and obtained forgiveness of his parents. At these words Robinson wept bitterly.

"But what can I do now?" cried he at length, sobbing heavily. "What can you do?" said the captain: "Return to your parents, fall on your knees before them, and, like a sensible and dutiful lad, implore their pardon for your imprudence: that is what you can do, and what you ought to do."

*Harriet.* Ah, papa, I like this captain much; he was a very good man.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear, he did what every one ought to do when he sees his fellow-creature fall into an error; he endeavoured to bring this young man back to his duty.

"Will you take me with you to Plymouth again?" said Robinson.

"Who, I?" said the captain: "Have you forgot, then, that my ship is lost? It may be a considerable time before I return there in a ship of my own: but as for you, there is not a moment to lose; you should go aboard of the very first vessel that sails for Plymouth, if it were even to-day."

"But," says Robinson, "I have no money."

"Well," said the honest captain, "I will lend you a couple of guineas out of the little that I have to spare. Go down to the river, and get aboard of some vessel that is bound for Plymouth, unless you rather chuse to travel by land. If your repentance is sincere, God will bless your return, and make it happier than your outset has been." With these words, having made an end of dinner, he shook Robinson by the hand, and wished him a good voyage, who parted from him with many thanks for his kindness and good advice.

*Edw.* What, is he going back home again already? I thought the story was only beginning.

*Mrs. Bill.* Are not you satisfied, then, my dear Edward, that he should go home to his parents, and put an end to the sorrow and distress that they suffer on his account?

*Mr. Mered.* And are you not pleased to find that he sees his error, and is willing to make amends for it?

*Edw.* Yes—that—to be sure. But I thought to hear something diverting before it came to that.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, he is not returned home yet. Let us hear the remainder of his adventures.

While he was walking down towards the river, his head was filled with various reflections. "What will my father and mother say," thought he to himself, "if I go back to them now? Certainly they will punish me for what I have done. And then all my companions, and every one else that hears of it, what game they will make of me for returning so soon, after seeing only two or three streets of London!"

This thought made him stop short. One moment he seemed determined not to go home yet; again, he reflected on what the captain had told him, that he would never be happy unless he returned to his parents. For a long time he was at a loss what to resolve on. At length, however, he went down to the river; but there he learned, to his great satisfaction, that there was not a single vessel in the river bound for Plymouth. The person who gave him this information was a captain of a ship in the African trade, who was shortly to set sail for the Coast of Guinea.

Charlotte.

*Charlotte.* Where is the Coast of Guinea, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* Henry can tell you that: he knows where it lies.

*Henry.* Don't you remember there is a country called Africa? Very well; one part of the coast——

*Charlotte.* Coast! What is that?

*Henry.* The land that lies along by the sea-side. Hold, here is Sealy's Geographical Dictionary, which describes all the known world, and contains maps of every country, to which we can refer from time to time for fuller information, it being the most correct and complete work of the kind ever published. This dictionary is also enriched with a great number of beautiful views of the most celebrated cities and towns, &c. in Europe.—Look at this map. All this part of Africa that turns down here is called the Coast of Guinea.

*Mr. Bill.* And English ships sail to this coast in order to trade there. The person who spoke with Robinson was captain of one of those ships.

When he found that the young man had so eager a desire for travelling, and would have been sorry to return so soon to Plymouth, he proposed to him to take a trip to the Coast of Guinea. Robinson at first was startled at the idea: but when the captain assured him that the voyage would be exceeding pleasant; that, so far from costing him any thing, it might turn out a very profitable adventure; Robinson's eyes began to sparkle, and his passion for travelling revived in his breast.

"But," said he, "I have only two guineas in the world."

"I will lend you five more," said the captain; "that will be quite sufficient to purchase you goods."

"And what sort of goods must I purchase?" said Robinson.

"All sorts of toys and playthings," answered the captain.

Robinson forgot, at once, his parents, friends, and country. "Captain," said he, "I am willing to go along with you when you please."

"Agreed!" replied the other.

*Rich.* Well, now it is all over; I shall never have the least pity any more for such a blockhead as Robinson.

*Mr. Bill.* No pity, Richard?

*Rich.* No, papa: why is he such a fool as to forget a second time his duty to his parents?

*Mr. Bill.* And do you think that a man deserves no pity who

who is unfortunate enough to forget his parents? Oh! my dear child, may Heaven preserve us from that most terrible of all punishments, to feel that we alone have caused our own wretchedness!

All were silent for a few moments; after which Mr. Billingsley continued in the following words:

Robinson made haste to lay out his seven guineas. He purchased with them such articles as the captain had mentioned to him.

After some days, the wind being favourable, they set sail.

*Mrs. Bill.* Well, now I think it is high time for us to set sail towards the land of supper.

*Geo.* I am not the least hungry, mama.

*Harriet.* And I would rather hear the story too.

*Mr. Bill.* To-morrow, my dears, we shall have the rest of Robinson's adventures. At present we will put him by.

## S E C O N D E V E N I N G.

**T**HE next evening Mr. Billingsley continued his story in the following terms:

Robinson's second voyage began as favourably as the first. They had already cleared the Channel without any accident, and were now in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean: here they met with such contrary winds, that they found themselves driven towards the coast of America.

One evening the steerfman declared that he saw a fire at a great distance, and that he heard the firing of guns from the same quarter. All hands immediately hastened upon deck. The captain examined his maps, and found there was no land near on that quarter; and they concluded that it must be some ship on fire.

The captain instantly ordered five guns to be fired as a signal to the people who were on board, that help was at hand. Scarcely was this order put in execution, before they saw the ship which had been on fire blow up with a dreadful explosion.

At break of day they discovered two boats full of people, tossing about at the mercy of the waves. They could perceive



ceive that they rowed with all their force towards the ship. Immediately the captain ordered the colours to be hoisted as a signal that he saw their distress. At the same time the ship, in the space of half an hour, happily came up with them.

There were sixty in the boats, men, women, and children, who were all taken on board. It was an affecting scene to behold the actions of these poor people when they saw themselves so happily delivered.

There was none of the ship's crew, though ever so hardened, that could help shedding tears at the sight of these poor people's extravagant behaviour.

Among them happened to be a young priest, who acted with more firmness and dignity than any of the rest. As soon as he set his foot upon the deck, he fell upon his face, and seemed to have lost all sense and motion. The captain went to assist him, thinking that he had swooned away; but the clergyman calmly thanked him for his good-nature, and said, "Allow me first to return thanks to my Creator for our deliverance; I will afterwards endeavour to shew you how lively a sense I entertain of your extreme kindness to us."

The priest remained a few minutes in this posture of humble prostration; after which, rising cheerfully, he went to the captain to testify his gratitude to him for the civility that he had shewn to him and his people. This done, he turned to his companions in misfortune, and said, "My dear friends, calm the agitation of your minds. The Being who is supremely good, hath vouchsafed to stretch out a father's hand over you. You should lift up your hearts to him, and thank him without delay for the unexpected preservation of your lives."

After this the priest gave the captain an account who they were, and what had happened to them.

The ship that was burnt was a large French merchantman, bound for Quebec; and, on her catching fire, they had barely time to take to their boats, in which they were only able to take on board some biscuits and water.

*Charlotte.* What occasion had they to carry water with them? They were on the water.

*Mr. Bill.* You forget, my dear, that the water of the sea is salt and unfit for drinking.

*Charlotte.* So, so!

*Mr. Bill.* In this distressful situation they heard the guns that

that were fired by the English ship, and soon after observed the light of their lanterns. They passed all that night exerting their strength to get to the ship. At length, the appearance of day put an end to their distress.

The people who were saved from the boats had now taken some refreshment, when their captain came up to the ship's captain, and told him that whatever money they had been able to save from their ship he begged his acceptance of.

"God forbid!" answered the captain; "I have done no more than humanity required of me."

It was now debated where they should land the people that had been saved. The captain generously resolved to go a hundred leagues out of his way, and to carry them to Newfoundland, from whence they might have an opportunity of returning to France.

To Newfoundland, therefore, they bent their course; and found several French vessels there, which took on board the people of the ship that had blown up.

As he had now, therefore, conducted them to ships of their own nation, he continued his voyage to the Coast of Guinea.

Their course now was mostly directed to the Southward. One day, as they were steering in that direction, they perceived a large ship making up towards them. Presently after they heard them fire some guns of distress, and could discern that they had lost their foremast and bowsprit.

*Edw.* Bowsprit? What is that?

*Mr. Bill.* Why, surely, you cannot have forgot what that is.

*Edw.* Ah! right! It is a lesser mast that does not stand straight up like the rest, but comes out sloping, so, from the fore-part of the ship.

*Mr. Bill.* Very well. They steered their course to the ship in distress, and the people aboard of her cried out, "For Heaven's sake have compassion on us, and save our lives! We are at the last extremity, and must perish if you do not relieve us."

The captain, therefore, asked them in what consisted their distress; when one of their number answered thus:

"We are Englishmen, bound for the French Island of Martinico—We took in a cargo of coffee there; and while we were lying at anchor, there arose so violent a storm that our cable was broke, and we were driven out from the harbour into the open sea. The hurricane—"

*Geo.*

*Geo.* What is that, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* It is a kind of whirlwind occasioned by many winds blowing from different quarters, one against the other. —

“The hurricane,” continued he, “blew furiously three days and three nights. We lost our masts, and were driven some hundreds of leagues out to sea. Unfortunately we are most of us passengers, with but one seaman and a boy or two on board to work the ship; so that for nine weeks we have been driven about at the mercy of the winds and waves: all our provisions are gone, and many of us are, at this moment, dying with hunger.”

Immediately the captain ordered out his boat, took some provisions, and went aboard the ship.

They found the crew reduced to the most deplorable condition possible. But when they went into the cabin—Heavens! what a shocking spectacle they beheld! A mother, with her son and a young maid servant, were stretched on the floor, and, to all appearance, starved to death. The mother, already quite stiff, was sitting on the ground between two chairs tied together. The maid servant was stretched at her length beside her mistress. As to the young man, he was laid upon a bed, and had still in his mouth a piece of a leather glove, of which he had gnawed away the greatest part.

*Harriet.* Oh! papa, what a shocking account this is!

*Mr. Bill.* Right—I had forgot that you did not wish to hear any thing melancholy. Well, then, I will pass by this story.

*All.* Oh no! Oh no! Dear papa, let us have the whole of it now.

*Mr. Bill.* I must tell you, then, who these poor people were that lay stretched in this deplorable manner.

They were coming passengers in this ship from America to England. The mother was so remarkably fond of her son, that she refused all manner of nourishment purposely that he might have something to eat, and this excellent young man had done the same thing, in order to reserve every thing for his mother.

They were thought to be dead, all three, but, on examination, appeared to have some remains of life; for, after a few drops of broth had been forced into their mouths, they began, by degrees, to open their eyes. But the mother expired a few minutes after.

The

The other two were brought to themselves by the force of cordials, but when the young man turned his eyes upon his mother, and saw that she was dead, the shock made him fall again into a swoon. However, they were fortunate enough to bring him to his senses again, and he was, in a short time, perfectly re-established.

The captain furnished the ship in distress with all the provisions and stores he could possibly spare; and gave the crew proper instructions for conveying themselves to Madeira. He bent his course thither also, on purpose to take in more provisions.

*Mr. Bill.* At this island the captain cast anchor; and Robinson went ashore with him in the afternoon.

He could never sufficiently admire the beautiful prospect which this fertile isle affords. As far as his eyes could see, the mountains were all covered with vines.

They understood from those who were in the vineyards, that in making wine they did not press the grapes here in a wine-press, as they do in other countries.

*Geo.* How then?

*Mr. Bill.* They tumble the grapes into a large tub, and then tread upon them with their feet, or bruise them with their elbows.

*Rich.* Now I should not like to drink it, if it were even made with the wine press.

*Charlotte.* Why?

*Rich.* If you were to know all the harm that it can do them!

*Charlotte.* Is he in earnest, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, my dear. Children that drink wine or other strong liquors often, become weak and silly.

*Mr. Bill.* You will act very wisely, my dear.

As the captain was obliged to stop here some time to repair his ship, Robinson's temper wanted some change.

Just at this interval arrived a Portuguese ship bound for Brazil, in South America.

*Henry.* Is it not a country belonging to the Portuguese?

*Mr. Bill.* The very same.

Robinson got acquainted with the captain of this ship, and would have given the world to make a voyage to Brazil, where he thought he should fill his pockets with diamonds.

*Edw.* He did not know, I suppose, that in that country precious stones are the sole property of the king of Portugal.

*Mr.*

*Mr. Bill.* And the reason that he did not know was, because when he was young he would never learn any thing.

Finding, therefore, that the English ship would be obliged to stop longer, he could not resist his desire of rambling. He, therefore, told the English captain, that he was going to take a voyage to Brazil. The captain was glad to get rid of him. He agreed to take Robinson's venture for the money that he had lent him in England.

Robinson, therefore, went aboard the Portuguese. They passed pretty near the island of Teneriff.

*Harriet.* Where that high mountain is to be seen, called the Peak of Teneriff; eh, papa?

*Rich.* Ay, ay, don't interrupt.

*Mr. Bill.* It was an admirable prospect to see the top of that mountain shine long after sun-set with the rays of the sun as if it had been all on fire.

For several days the voyage was as fine as possible; but all of a sudden a violent hurricane arose from the South-East.

The seventh morning one of the sailors threw the whole crew into a fit of extravagant joy, by crying out from the mast-head, Land!

The whole crew hastened upon deck to see what land this was; but in the very moment their joy was changed into terror: the ship struck, and all those who were upon the deck received so violent a shock as almost to throw them backwards.

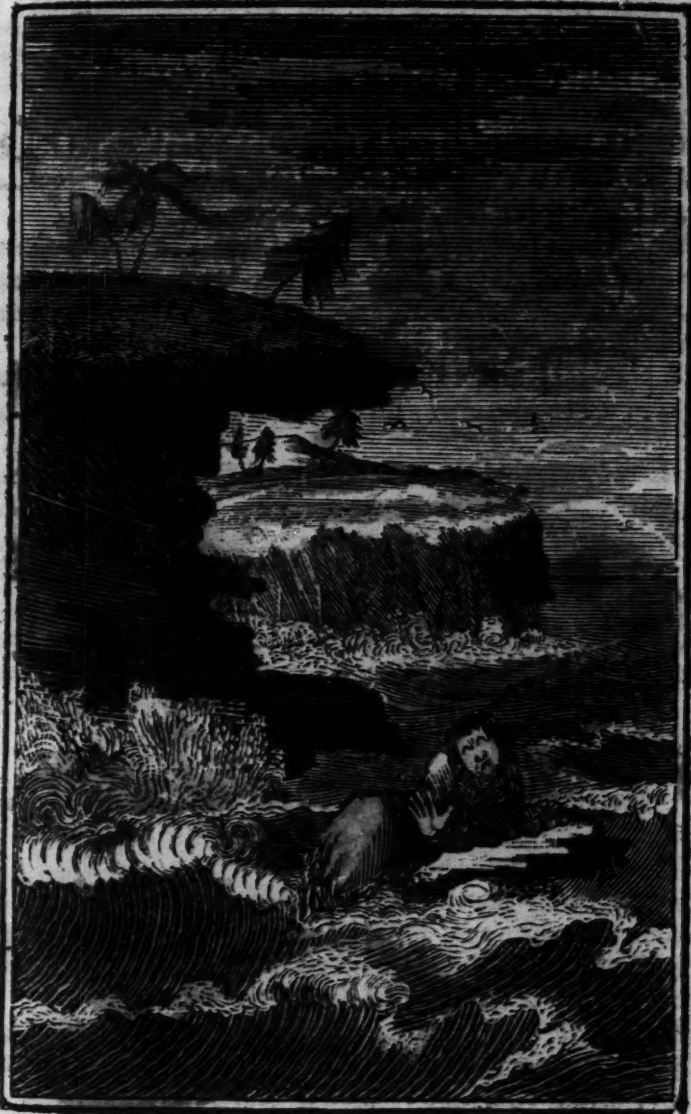
*Rich.* What was the matter?

*Mr. Bill.* The ship had run upon a sand-bank, and stuck fast, and the foaming waves dashed over the deck with such violence, that they were all obliged to take refuge in the cabin and between decks, for fear of being carried over-board.

Suddenly some one cried out that the ship had split. They ran upon deck, lowered the boat as fast as possible, and all jumped into it with the utmost haste.

But there were now so many people in the boat, that its sides were scarcely four inches above the water. They exerted their whole strength in rowing, and fortunately the wind drove them towards land. All at once they beheld a wave, mountain high, rolling towards the boat. The huge wave strikes the boat, oversets it, and all are at once swallowed up in the deep!

Here



Here Mr. Billingsley made a stop. At length Mrs. Billingsley arriving with the news that supper was ready, put an end to these melancholy ideas.

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THIRD EVENING.

**GEORGE.** Dear papa, is poor Robinson Crusoe lost?

*Mr. Bill.* We left him last night in the most imminent danger of losing his life, the boat being overset.

Robinson was swallowed up in the sea along with the rest of the ship's company; but the same wave, that dreadful wave, which had buried him in the deep, at its return drew him along with it, and dashed him towards the shore. He opened his eyes, and exerted his strength to gain the top of the beach. He alone was saved out of the whole ship's company.

Trembling with fear and joy, he lifted up his hands towards Heaven, and, while he shed a flood of tears, returned thanks for his miraculous preservation.

*Rich.* But, papa, why did God Almighty suffer the rest to perish?

*Mr. Bill.* Have you not learnt long ago, that God knows all things better than we poor mortals do? Since, therefore, God loves all mankind as his children, it is impossible but he should do what is best for our interest.

*Geo.* Without doubt.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, my dear Richard, do you wish now to repeat the question that you asked me just now?

*Rich.* What question?

*Mr. Bill.* Why the Supreme Disposer of things saved only Robinson Crusoe, and suffered the rest to perish? Probably Robinson's life was preserved to the end that affliction might be a school of wisdom to him.

Keep this in remembrance, my dear child; and instead of rashly endeavouring to reason or explain the seeming inconsistency, say to yourself, "God knows better than I what is for my good. I am convinced that his dispensations of good and evil are ever intended to render us better than we are."

*Henry.* Did Robinson think so upon that occasion?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, and praying to God for pardon, resolved to amend his life,—When the joy that he felt on his happy deliverance

liverance had subsided, he looked about him, but could not perceive, on any side, the least mark that the country was inhabited.

This was a dreadful necessity imposed upon him. But his anxiety was still more dreadfully increased when this reflection occurred to him, "What, if there should be wild beasts or savages here, so that I should not be able to live a moment in safety!"

*Charlotte.* What are savages, papa?

*Rich.* Savages are wild men. Have you never heard talk of them, Charlotte? In countries, a great, great way off from this, there are men nearly as wild as beasts.

*Charlotte.* Do they ever come here?

*Mr. Bill.* No: the countries where these unfortunate people live are so far off that they never come here.

*Henry.* Were there, then, any of those savages in the country where Robinson Crusoe was thrown by the storm?

*Mr. Bill.* That he could not tell himself as yet. But having formerly heard that there were savages in the islands in this part of the world, he thought it very possible that there might be some on the particular spot where he now was.

*Geo.* I do not doubt it.

*Mr. Bill.* Fear, at first, rendered him motionless. The question was, Where must he pass the night? House, cabin, or cave, he saw no signs of. His distress brought tears into his eyes. At length he resolved to imitate the birds, and repose in a tree.

While he slept, his imagination represented to him the transactions of the preceding day. The cries of the seamen still sounded in his ears. A cold sweat broke out all over his body: he cried aloud, "I am not lost, my dear parents; I am restored to you once more:" and with these words he fell out of the tree.

*Harriet.* Oh poor Robinson!

*Geo.* I suppose he is killed now.

*Mr. Bill.* Fortunately for him, his fall was not severe. He, therefore, climbed up once more, and lay quietly till sun-rise.

Uncertain what he should do, he came down from the tree. Hunger began to be troublesome to him. It was impossible now to add to his distress: "Must I, then, perish with hunger at last!" cried he. However, necessity reanimated him with fresh strength.

He thought of nothing now but of waiting the approach of death. At length he perceived a number of oyster-shells lying on the shore. He ran eagerly towards the spot where they were, and his joy was very great.

*Rich.* Are there oysters on land then?

*Mr. Bill.* Why no, not properly. On the contrary, they belong to the sea and live in it. There they fasten themselves to rocks, one upon another, in immense quantities. Such a heap of them is called a bed of oysters. Now, the waves, in dashing against this, loosen several of the oysters, and the tide carries them towards the shore. Afterwards, when the tide ebbs, and it is low water, these oysters are left on the beach, where it is then dry.

*Charlotte.* You say when the tide ebbs, papa, what is that?

*Harriet.* It is when the water that was so high before, runs back, and grows quite shallow.

*Charlotte.* What water?

*Harriet.* Why, the water where the tide comes up.

*Mr. Mered.* Charlotte, make your brother Richard explain that to you.

*Rich.* When the water rises, it is called the flowing of the tide; and when it falls back, it is called the ebb.

*Mr. Bill.* Besides this, you must know, that, in the course of four and twenty hours, the water of the sea rises and falls.

Robinson was almost out of his wits for joy at having found something to appease his raging hunger.

His greatest uneasiness was next to know where he should dwell for the future, to be free from all dread of savages and wild beasts.

*Geo.* Oh! I know very well what I would have done.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, what would you have done?

*Geo.* I would have built a house, with walls as thick as that, and with iron gates—so strong!—And then I would have made a ditch with a drawbridge, and this drawbridge I would have lifted up every night.

*Mr. Bill.* Answer me one thing—Have you ever carefully observed how carpenters and masons go about building a house?

*Geo.* Oh! yes.

*Edw.* He had only to make himself a hut with the branches that he could have plucked from the trees.

*Mr. Bill.* And could a little hut, made of branches, have defended him from beasts of prey?

*Edw.*

*Edw.* Could he shoot?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, if he had had only a gun, with powder and ball; but once more I tell you, the poor lad had nothing—absolutely nothing but his two hands to depend on.

When he viewed his situation, and saw that all resources failed him, he fell again into his former despondency.

He exerted his strength, and endeavoured to find some safe retreat.

But in what part of the world was he? Was he upon an island or a continent? This was more than he could tell as yet himself; but he saw a pretty high hill at a distance, and he walked towards it.

He climbed up to the top of the hill, from which he could see to the distance of several leagues. To his great mortification, he perceived that he was really in an island, within sight of which there appeared only three small islands that rose out of the sea at the distance of a few leagues.

He continued on the spot, with his eyes fixed to the ground: at length, however, thoughts more rational and consoling came to his relief.

*Harriet.* It was a good thing, however, that Robinson could say his prayers in the time of distress.

*Mr. Bill.* What would have become of him if he had not known that God is the Father of mankind.

He came to a little hill, which was as steep as a wall, and found a place that seemed to be hollowed in under it.

If he had had proper tools, it would have been an easy matter to hollow out a complete dwelling under the rock, but he had none of these tools.

After puzzling his head some time, he said, "I will pluck up a number of these young trees, and will plant them so that they may form a sort of wall."

This happy thought was immediately put in execution. His joy was still greater when he saw a clear spring bubbling out from the side of the hill, and hastened to quench his thirst at it.

*Geo.* Was it so warm, then, in the island?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, you may easily imagine that it was warm.

Robinson now set about plucking up some of the young trees which he carried to the place he had destined for his dwelling.

Hunger frequently obliged him to walk down towards the shore in search of oysters. But where was his bed?

That he might not be exposed to the same accident as had disturbed him before, he took his garters, and fastened himself tightly to the branches on which he lay.

*Rich.* That was wisely done of him to tie himself so.

*Mr. Bill.* Necessity is the mother of invention, my dearest children.

#### FOURTH EVENING.

**MR. BILL.** Well, where did we leave Robinson last night?

*Rich.* We left him in a tree to take his night's rest.

*Mr. Bill.* To proceed, then; he had no fall, and slept soundly till morning.

At break of day, he set off to look for oysters, intending afterwards to return to his work. He happened this time to go another way, and, as he walked along, was overjoyed to find a tree that bore large fruit, some of which he knocked down and ate.

*Geo.* What sort of a tree might it be, then?

*Mr. Bill.* It was a cocoa-nut tree.

Robinson's hunger was now satisfied, yet he did not omit going down to the shore, to see what shew the oysters made that day.

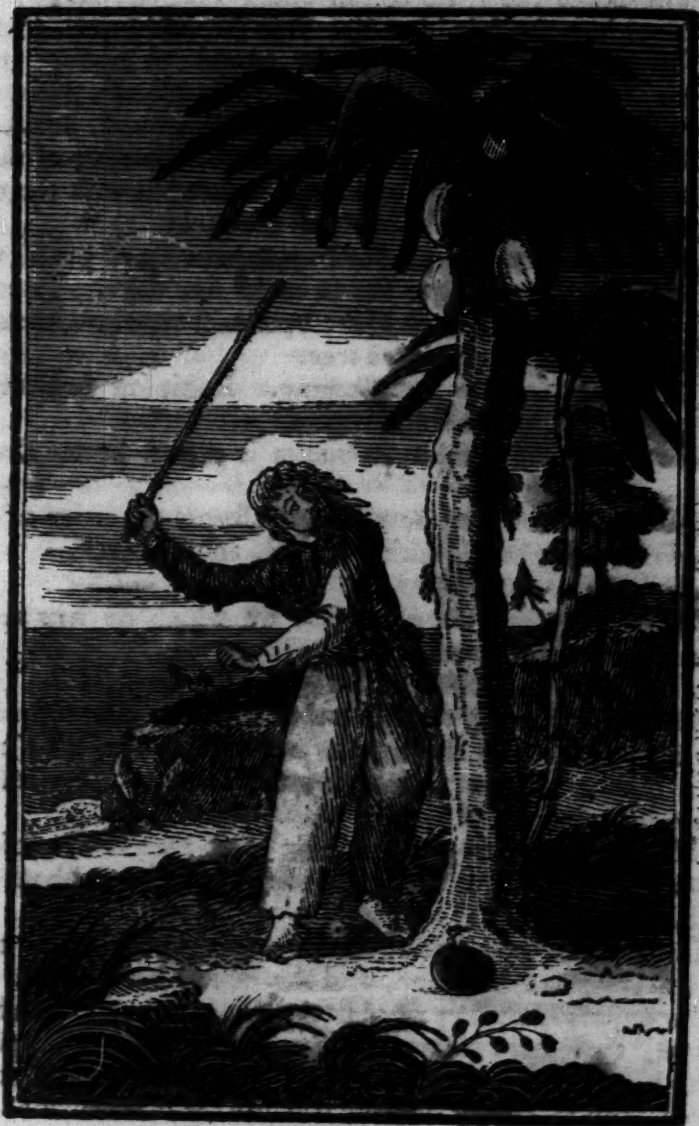
He had picked up on the beach a large shell, which served him instead of a spade. A little after he discovered a plant, the stalk of which was full of threads, like flax or hemp.

Having some hopes that this plant might be used in the same manner as flax or hemp, he plucked a quantity of it, tied it up in small bundles, and left them to soak in water.

He then endeavoured to turn the stringy part of these plants to use by making small cords of it. It is, true they were not so well twisted as those made by our rope-makers here, for he had neither wheel nor a second person to assist him.

He then went on with his work very diligently, and planted tree by tree until he had completely palisadoed the place before his intended dwelling.

Every



Every morning and evening he watered his plantation with water; and he had very soon the satisfaction of seeing his young trees flourish charmingly.

All this being finished, he considered by what means he might make the little hollow under the rock large enough to serve him for a habitation. He saw very well, that with his hands alone he should never be able to manage it, and therefore repaired to a spot where he had seen a great number of hard green stones scattered on the ground, and he succeeded to his wish. Laying, therefore, the edge of the one stone upon the earth and rock, and striking it with the other, he knocked off several pieces of the rock.

He had before this plucked up a quantity of grass, which he had spread before the sun to make hay of it. From this time he was able to sleep like a human creature, without being obliged to perch upon a tree.

The following day was Sunday. Robinson dedicated it to rest, to prayer, and meditation.

*Harriet.* Well, I think Robinson is grown better than he was.

*Mr. Bill.* And that he might not forget the order of days, Robinson thought of making himself an almanack.

*Rich.* An almanack?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes; an almanack by which he was able to count the days regularly.

*Rich.* And how did he manage that?

*Mr. Bill.* Having neither paper nor any thing else requisite for writing, he chose four trees that were close beside each other, and pretty smooth on the bark. On these he made his remarks.

*Mr. Bill.* Our friend Robinson took care not to lose the order of time, but to know on what days the Sabbath fell, that he might keep it holy.

In the mean time, he had used the greatest part of the coconuts that he had stored up, and the shore furnished him with so few oysters, that they were not sufficient to keep him alive; he was, therefore, compelled by necessity, if possible, to discover a new stock of provisions. With this intent he resolved, the following day, to traverse the whole island.

But, in order to defend himself from the excessive heat of the sun, he spent the whole evening making an umbrella, in the best manner he could.

He bethought himself of trying to make a bag that might hold his provision, if he should be so lucky as to find any in his excursion.

excursion. He turned this scheme in his thoughts, and at length succeeded in finding means to accomplish it, which he completed, and the happy success of his labour filled him with so much joy that he was scarce able to close his eyes all night.

*Geo.* I should like to have such a bag as that.

*Edw.* So should I too, if we had only some packthread.

*Mrs. Bill.* If you wish to enjoy as much satisfaction from your work as Robinson did from his, you should try to make the packthread yourselves; but, as there is neither flax nor hemp at this time of the year, I will furnish you with packthread.

*Geo.* Oh! dear mama, will you be so good?

*Mrs. Bill.* Yes, my dear, if you desire it.

*Geo.* That is delightful.

*Harritt.* You are doing what is very right; eh, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* Well, make a trial.

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#### FIFTH EVENING.

THE next evening, the company being assembled in the usual place, Edward came strutting in with a pouch of network that he made himself, and which drew the eyes of the whole company upon him. Instead of an umbrella, he had borrowed a sieve, and stuck a broomstick through it. This he held over his head, and marched up to the table with a great deal of importance.

*Mrs. Bill.* Bravo, Edward! why I had almost taken you for Robinson himself.

*Mr. Billingsley* (*opening a closet door, and fetching out an umbrella which he had made himself*). What say you to this, Mr. Robinson Crusoe?

*Edw.* Ah! that is a fine one.

*Mr. Bill.* I keep it until we come to the end of the story.—Robinson rose before the sun, and prepared for his journey. He slipped his pouch-string over his neck, put a strong cord round his waist, in which he stuck his hatchet, took his umbrella upon his shoulder, and began his march.

The morning was delightful, and Robinson felt his heart expand with gratitude. "Even here," said he, "doth the  
Creator

Creator of the Universe shew himself the most beneficent of beings !”

As his fear of wild animals was not yet dissipated, he avoided all forests and thickets, chusing such grounds as allowed him an open prospect on every side. At last he observed a parcel of plants, which he resolved to inspect: they were growing together in tufts, and formed a kind of little coppice. Some of them were covered with little green apples.

He eagerly bit one of these apples, but found it unfit for eating, which so vexed him, that he was going to fling it away with all his force, when he perceived a number of round knobs hanging from the roots. He immediately suspected that these were properly the fruit of the plant, and, therefore, began to examine them.

The fruit was hard and disagreeable to the palate. Robinson had a mind to throw the whole away; but recollected that a thing should not be reckoned useless, because we cannot immediately discover the utility of it.

*Rich.* I know what these knobbed fruit were; they were potatoes. Surely Robinson was stupid not to know potatoes.

*Mr. Bill.* It is wrong to be too hasty in blaming others. We should always put ourselves in their place, and first ask the question if we could have done better than they. Robinson, perhaps, had never seen potatoes, which were then by no means so common in England as at present.

Robinson continued his walk with a great deal of caution. At length he arrived on the banks of a rivulet, where he resolved to make his dinner. He seated himself at the foot of a large branchy tree, when a noise at a distance threw him into a terrible fright. He looked round, and, at length, perceived a whole troop of —

*Edw.* Oh la! savages, I suppose.

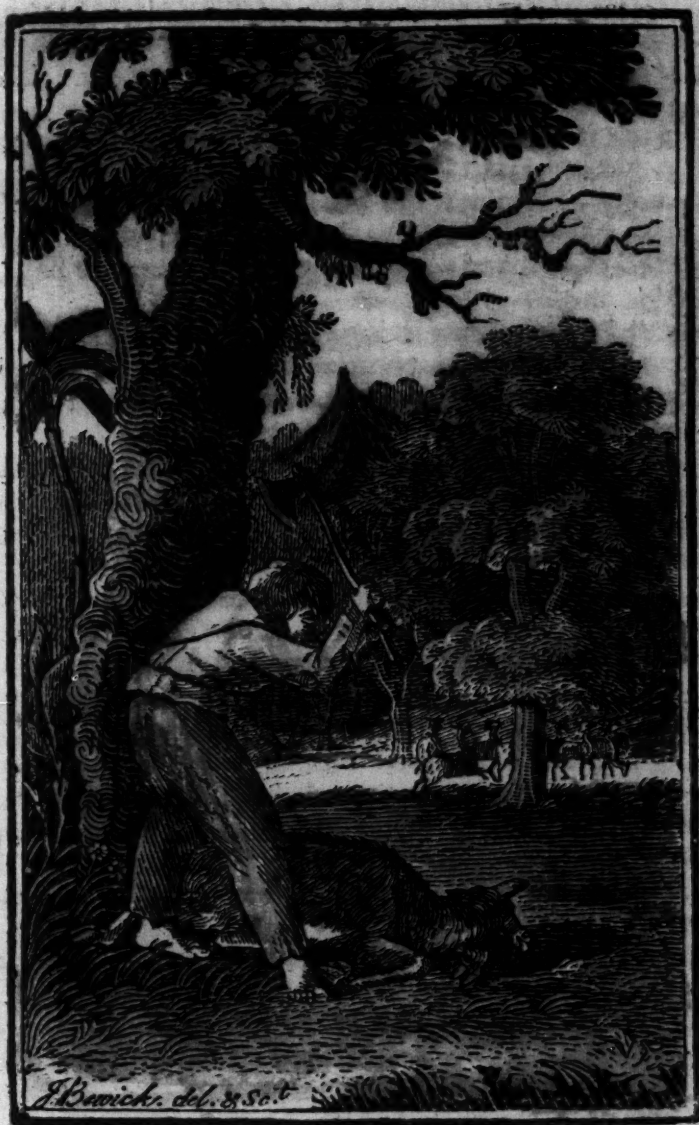
*Geo.* Or else lions and tigers.

*Mr. Bill.* Neither one nor the other; but a troop of lamas. Their country is properly that part of America which is called Peru. The Peruvians tamed this animal, and were accustomed to load it, and use it for a beast of burthen.—Of its wool they made stuffs for cloathing.

*Rich.* Then the people of Peru were not so savage as the other Americans.

*Mr. Bill.* No; they lived in houses properly built; as did also the Mexicans; they had built magnificent temples, and were governed by kings.

*Geo.* Is it not from this country that the Spaniards draw  
all



all that gold and silver for which they go every year to America, in their galleons?

*Mr. Bill.* The same.—Robinson, seeing these lamas approach, felt a violent desire to eat some roast meat, which he had not tasted for so long a time. He therefore killed one of them.

*Harriet.* Oh fy! how could he do so?

*Mrs. Bill.* And why should he not, Harriet?

*Harriet.* The poor little thing had done him no harm; so he might have let it live.

*Mrs. Bill.* He might so; but he had occasion for the flesh of this animal for his food and nourishment; and God hath permitted us to make use of animals whenever we have the like occasion.

*Mr. Bill.* To kill any living creature without necessity, or to torture it, is cruelty; but to draw all the advantage possible from them, and even to kill them and use their flesh for our nourishment, is not forbidden.

*Rich.* Ah! very true: if we had no occasion for animals, how many of them would be starved to death in a hard winter?

*Henry.* Yes; and they would suffer still more if they were not killed, because they cannot assist each other as men do.

*Mr. Bill.* Again, we must not suppose that their death causes them a great deal of pain. They are not sensible beforehand that they are going to be killed, and the pain, while they are killing, is soon past.

Robinson never thought of asking himself how he was to dress the flesh of this lama, until the moment that he had killed it?

*Harriet.* Dear me! could not he boil it or roast it?

*Mr. Bill.* That is what he would have done, but he had neither pot nor spit, and, what is worse, he had not even fire.

*Harriet.* No fire? Why then all he had to do was to light one.

*Mr. Bill.* True, if he had had a flint and steel, tinder and matches; but he had none of them.

*Rich.* I know what I would have done.

*Mr. Bill.* What, pray?

*Rich.* I would have rubbed two bits of dry wood one against the other, until they took fire.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson had exactly the same idea. He took up the lama, therefore, upon his shoulders, and turned his steps homewards.

His first business was to skin the young lama. He stretched the skin in the sun in order to dry it, because he foresaw that it might be of service to him.

*Rich.* Why, what could he make of that?

*Mr. Bill.* In the first place, his shoes and stockings began to be full of holes. He thought that, when his shoes were gone, he might make soles of this skin. Besides, the thoughts of winter troubled him, and he was glad that he had found a way to furnish himself with fur against the severity of the cold.

It is true, he might have spared himself this uneasiness; for, in the country where he now was, there was never any winter.

*Geo.* Never any winter?

*Mr. Bill.* The cold of winter is seldom felt in any of those hot climates between the two tropics.

*Rich.* But, papa, I think, we read once how very high mountains, like the Peak of Teneriff, are always covered with snow.

*Mr. Bill.* You are right, my dear Richard. Situations very high and mountainous are an exception; for upon the tops of these high mountains there is commonly a perpetual snow. Do you remember too what I told you of some countries in the East Indies, when we were looking over Sealy's instructive Geographical Dictionary.

*Rich.* Yes; that, in some countries there, summer and winter are but two or three leagues asunder. In the island of Ceylon, which belongs to the Dutch; and—

*Mr. Bill.* And also in the peninsula on this side of the Ganges: for, when it is winter upon the Coast of Malabar, upon the Coast of Coromandel it is summer, and so alternately. The same is the case also in the Island of Ceram, one of the Moluccas, where a man needs only to travel three leagues to get out of winter into summer, or out of summer into winter.

After Robinson had skinned the lama, and cut off a hind quarter to roast, his first care was to provide a spit.

He wanted nothing now but fire. In order to produce it he cut two pieces of wood, and immediately rubbed so briskly, that the sweat ran down his face in great drops; but when the wood was heated until it smoked, he found himself so fatigued, that he was under an absolute necessity to stop a few moments; in the mean time, the wood cooled, and his whole labour became useless.

D

Here

Here again he had a lively instance of the helplessness of man in a state of solitude, and what mighty advantages the society of other men affords us.

Robinson threw away the pieces of wood, sat down upon his bed of hay in a melancholy mood, and, sighing heavily, cast a look upon the fine joint of meat, which was likely now to remain on the spit without roasting. He recollected at length to have heard that the Tartars put the meat which they mean to eat under their horses saddles, and so bake it at full gallop.

He then went to seek two pieces of stone, between which he placed a piece of meat, and began immediately to strike upon the uppermost stone with his stone mallet. After five or six minutes, the stone began to grow hot, so that in less than half an hour, the meat was grown quite tender and fit to eat.

No doubt the taste of it was not so good as if it had been properly roasted; but to Robinson, who had been so long a time without tasting meat, it was a delicious morsel.

When he had made an end of eating, he debated in his mind what work would be the most necessary to set about. The dread of winter made him think of taking or killing a great number of lamas, merely to provide himself with skins.

With this hope he went to bed, and a sound refreshing sleep repaid him richly for all his fatigues during the day.

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#### SIXTH EVENING.

**MR. BILLINGSLEY** continued the story of Robinson Crusoe in these words:

When he awoke, he was going directly to take the field against the lamas; but no sooner did he put his head out of the cave, than he was obliged to draw it in again.

*Harriet.* How was that, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* It rained as hard as it could pour. He resolved, therefore, to wait until the shower was over.

But there appeared no likelihood of this, as it grew more and more violent. The earth trembled, and the echoes of the mountains repeated the thunder so often, that the roar seemed to be without end.



As Robinson had not received a good education, is was natural enough for him to be afraid of the storm.

*Geo.* What, afraid of thunder and lightning?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, so frightened, that he did not know where to hide himself.

*Geo.* How could it frighten him?

*Mr. Bill.* I cannot well assign a reason for this fear. Perhaps it is, that the collection of sulphur, salt, and nitre, which produces the explosion of thunder, does, sometimes, destroy the lives of those who are exposed to it.

*Rich.* Yes; but these accidents are very rare.

*Mr. Bill.* Besides, how many advantages does the storm bring with it! It purges the air of sulphureous vapours; renders it much fitter to promote the vegetation of plants; and presents us with the most awful spectacle in nature.

Robinson, as you remember, had been ill-instructed in his youth. This was the reason why he knew not how great an advantage storms are: he sat in a corner of his cave, oppressed with most dreadful anxiety.

Robinson's terror had taken away his appetite; his imagination was disquieted with the most frightful ideas.

"The time is come," said he to himself, "when God will make me suffer the punishment due to my transgressions. He has withdrawn from me his fatherly protection."

*Mr. Mered.* I am not pleased with Robinson this time.

*Edw.* Why not, Sir?

*Mr. Mered.* Had not his merciful Creator done enough already in his favour, to convince him that he never forsakes those who trust in him sincerely, and whose contrition is undissembled?

*Mrs. Bill.* I am of your opinion, Mr. Meredith; nevertheless, let us have compassion on the poor youth. It was impossible for him to have made so great a progress as one who had studied to become wiser and better.

*Mr. Bill.* Your compassion for poor Robinson is as just as it is worthy of your tender nature. I begin to have a regard for him, as he has been some time past in the right way.

While he sat thus desponding, the storm began to abate. He thought he should now be able to set out on his expedition against the lamas, when, all at once, he fell backwards, quite stunned and senseless.

*Rich.*

*Rich.* Hey-day! What was the matter with him, then?

*Mr. Bill.* It seems the lightning had struck against the tree which grew on the top of the cave, and shattered it all to pieces. Robinson remained on the ground a considerable time. At length, perceiving that he was still alive, he rose up, and the first object that he beheld before the door of his cave was part of the tree which the lightning had torn in pieces, and thrown down.

As the rain had now totally ceased, he took courage to go out; and then what did he see?

That which, in a moment, filled him with gratitude towards his Creator, and covered him with confusion for suffering himself to fall into despondency. You must know, the trunk of the tree which had been struck by the lightning was all on fire. Thus Robinson found himself, in a moment, master of that which he had most wanted; and thus Divine Providence had taken particular care of him, at the moment when he imagined he was entirely abandoned.

From that time he had fire, without having had the least trouble in lighting it; and as it had not yet reached the lower part of the tree, to which his ladder of ropes was fastened, he could mount in perfect security. He took a burning splinter of the tree, descended again into the enclosure before his cave, and kindled a good fire.

And now he set about performing the duty of a cook. He tended the fire and turned the spit very carefully; and during the rest of his life, as often as he saw or thought of fire, he never failed to say within himself, "*That also God gave me.*"

*Mr. Mered.* Fire, which preserves all that breathe on this earth, is the noblest of all elements.

*Mr. Bill.* Hence it is that the worship of fire hath been very common amongst the ignorant pagans.

*Mr. Mered.* Thank Heaven we are better instructed, and know that fire is a gift of God's bounty, like water, earth, and air, which he hath created from the love he bears us.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson, during his repast the day before, had only regretted the want of salt. He hoped, however, in time, to find some in his island; for the present he contented himself with going to the shore, and bringing home some sea water, with which he sprinkled his meat.

The main point now was how to keep in his fire always.

*Geo.* That he could easily manage by adding constantly fresh wood.

*Mr. Bill.* Very good. But at night, if there came a sudden shower, what was he to do then?

*Harriet.* I would have made the fire in my cave where the rain could not come.

*Mr. Bill.* No bad thought. But, his cave was so small, that it just served him to lie down in: and, then, chimney he had none; so that the smoke would have been inconvenient to him.

*Harriet.* Nay, in that case I do not know how to assist him.

*Rich.* What a terrible situation! There must always happen something to puzzle poor Robinson.

*Mr. Bill.* This may shew you how extremely difficult it is for one man singly to provide for all his own necessities. A thousand hands are not sufficient to prepare what each of us wants every day.

*Rich.* Oh! papa!—

*Mr. Bill.* What! do you think that incredible? Well, let us reckon how many things you have had occasion for this day. In the first place, you have slept on a good bed.

*Rich.* With a mattress underneath.

*Mr. Bill.* Very well. Mattresses are stuffed with horse-hair: this horse-hair requires two hands to cut it, two more to weigh and sell it, two to pack it up and send it off, two to receive it and unpack it, and two, again, to sell it to the saddler or upholsterer: lastly, the upholsterer's hands find employment in picking it and filling the mattress with it. The cover of this mattress is ticking; where has that been made?

*Rich.* At the weaver's.

*Mr. Bill.* And how?

*Rich.* In a loom, with thread, and a shuttle, and paste, and—

*Mr. Bill.* That is enough. How many hands did it take to make the loom? Let us be moderate, and say, for instance, 20. Paste is made of flour. What a number of things must be done before we can have flour! How many hundreds of hands must be moved to make every thing that belongs to a mill, where wheat is ground into flour!—But to return to the weaver: thread is what he principally uses; where does he get this?

*Rich.* From the women who spin it.

*Mr. Bill.*

*Mr. Bill.* Out of what?

*Rich.* Flax.

*Mr. Bill.* And do you know, again, through how many hands flax must pass before it can be spun?

*Rich.* Oh yes: in the first place, the husbandman sifts the flax seed: then the land must be ploughed twice; after which they sow, and then harrow. Next, when the flax begins to sprout up, a number of women and girls come to weed it. Again, when it grows to a proper height, they pluck up the stalks, and ripple them in order to pull off the little round heads that contain the seed.

*Edw.* Yes, and then they tie the stalks together in bundles, and steep them in water.

*Henry.* And when the bundles have been steeped long enough, they take them up out of the water.

*Geo.* And spread them in the sun to dry.

*Charlotte.* Then they clear the flax from the hulls with a break.

*Harriet.* Not yet; my dear Charlotte; it must be well pounded first.

*Charlotte.* Very true, and then they break it, and then—

*Rich.* And then they scutch it, and then they hackle it to separate it from the tow.

*Mr. Bill.* Now put together all these things, and you must own I do not exceed the truth in saying that more than a thousand hands have been employed in the making of your mattresses.

*Geo.* A thousand hands! It is wonderful; and yet it is very true.

*Mr. Bill.* In the next place, consider how many things you have daily occasion for, and then pray tell me, should it surprise us that Robinson Crusoe found himself at a stand, when not another hand in the world but his own worked for him, and when he had not a single one of those instruments by means of which things in this part of the world are so easily and expeditiously made.

At this time, therefore, what puzzled him was the finding of some method or other to hinder his fire from going out. At last he fixed his eyes by chance on the rock at the edge of his cave, and that moment the thought struck him how he was to act.

*Henry.* Eh! how was that?

*Mr.*

*Mr. Bill.* There projected out of the rock, about a yard from the ground, a very large and thick ledge of stone.

*Charlotte.* How large might it be?

*Mr. Bill.* I will suppose it was about as long as I am; its breadth and thickness might be a yard and a half.

Though it had rained very hard, the ground under this piece of the rock was perfectly dry. Robinson saw at once that this spot would answer every purpose of a fire-place, and therefore resolved to go immediately to work about it.

With his spade he hollowed the ground. After that, he conceived the idea of enclosing this ground with two small walls.

*Geo.* But how could he make walls?

*Mr. Bill.* He had observed a sort of clay in his island, upon sight of which he immediately said to himself, "Perhaps this clay would make good bricks, if ever I should have occasion to build a wall."

The rain had made the clay so soft, that he found no difficulty in shaping it to the form of bricks. After preparing a pretty good number of these bricks, he placed them in a spot where the sun shone all day. He determined to go on with this work the next day, and in the mean time returned home to eat the rest of his roast meat.

The repast was excellent. "Ah!" said Robinson, "how happy should I be at this moment, if I had but one single friend to bear me company, whom I might call my friend. Had I, at least, the happiness of being master of some tame animal, to whom I might shew kindness in order to gain its affection! But to live thus solitary, as if I were the only being upon the earth!"—Here a few tears dropped down his cheeks.

He then recalled to memory the time, when, having it in his power to enjoy the sweet society of his brothers and other companions, he nevertheless had frequently quarrelled and disputed with them: "Oh, if I could now begin to pass those days over again, with what complaisance and good-nature would I behave towards my brothers and other children! How patiently would I put up with small offences, and how would I exert myself to charm every body with my gentleness and good behaviour! Heavens! why did I not know how to value the happiness of friendship until I had lost that happiness—alas! lost it for ever!"

With these words he turned his eyes towards the entrance of his lodge, and perceived a spider which had spread its web.

in a corner. The thought of lying under the same roof with some living creature so filled him with joy, that he did not trouble himself in the least about the species of the animal.

As it was still day, Robinson did not chuse to go to bed yet, and that he might employ the time in somewhat useful, he began to hollow out the ground for his kitchen. In doing this, he struck upon something hard, and was very near breaking his spade.

He took it at first for a stone; but what was his astonishment, when, having drawn out a great heavy lump of something, he discovered it to be—pure gold!

*Rich.* Gracious! Well, he certainly has surprising luck, this Mr. Robinson Crusoe.

*Mr. Bill.* Surprising luck indeed! This mass of gold was so thick, that, had it been coined, it would have produced upwards of 10,000*l.* Behold him, therefore, a man of vast fortune! What a number of things could he procure himself now! He could build himself a fine house; he could have a carriage, horses, footmen,——

*Geo.* Ay; but where was he to have all these things in his island?

*Mr. Bill.* Oho! I had forgot. Robinson, however, did not; so that, instead of rejoicing for the treasure that he had found, he kicked it from him with contempt, and said, "Of what use art thou to me? How willingly would I give thee for a handful of iron nails, or for some useful instrument!"—He left, therefore, all this precious treasure on the ground, and scarce thought it worth a look.

*Harriet.* He did as the cock did.

*Mr. Bill.* What cock?

*Harriet.* Oh! do you forget the fable that you read to us one day? Once upon a time there was a cock——

*Mr. Bill.* What next?

*Harriet.* That scratched upon a dunghill, and found a—what was it?

*Mr. Bill.* A pearl?

*Harriet.* Ah! yes; a pearl—And then he said, "Of what use art thou to me with all thy brightness? If I had found, instead of thee, a grain of barley, it would have been of much more service to me."

*Mr. Bill.* Just so did Robinson with the lump of gold.

Night now came on. The sun had for some time sunk beneath the main—

*Geo.*

*Geo.* What, in the sea?

*Mr. Bill.* So it appears to those who live in an island, and see nothing round them but water.

The moon rose bright at the other end of the heavens, and shone so beautifully that it hindered him from going to sleep.

*Harriet.* Oh! look, look, dear papa; our moon too begins to appear yonder.

*Rich.* Oh! what an enchanting sight! how mild her light is! how pleasing!

*Mr. Bill.* Well, my dears, Robinson is asleep, while his fire, kept up by large pieces of wood, continues to burn slowly. Now, what do you think of doing in the mean time?

*Edw.* I think, at least, that I shall hardly sleep much to-night, I am so impatient to know the rest of Robinson's adventures.

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#### SEVENTH EVENING.

THE following evening, before Mr. Billingsley began the continuation of Robinson Crusoe's history, he expressed himself thus: I hope, my dear children, that, in relating this history to you, I do not detain you from any employment more agreeable or improving. I would not put the least constraint on you; so that whenever our friend Robinson grows tiresome to you——

*Edw.* Tiresome, papa? It is impossible.

*Mr. Bill.* Then I proceed.

As the heat was excessive in Robinson's island during the day-time, he was obliged, whenever he undertook any thing laborious, to work at it very early in the morning, or else in the cool of the evening. He rose, therefore, before the sun, put fresh wood to his fire, and ate the half of a coconut that he had left the evening before.

He now prepared to set out for the clay-pit; and worked so hard, that before twelve o'clock he had prepared as many bricks as he thought he should have occasion for to complete his kitchen. He next went down to the beach to look for some oysters; and discovered, to his great joy, another sort of food, much better than any that he had found yet.

*Rich.*

What was that, papa?  
 Mr. B. A turtle, and to judge that it is rare to the  
 like in that part. It might weigh 100 lb.  
 Geo. Why, it would have been a monster of a turtle.



was so easy matter to leave his home and his wife and  
 the friends of his country. This happy thought he now  
 to himself. What would he have given that his friends were  
 already dead, though, that he might begin the grand work  
 that very moment!

*Rich.* What was that, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* A turtle, and so large, that it is rare to see the like in those parts. It might weigh 100 lb.

*Geo.* Why, it must have been a monster of a turtle.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson loaded his shoulders with his prize, and marched slowly homewards.—When he arrived at his cell, his first care was to come at the flesh of the turtle, which he did by cutting open the lower shell that covered its belly; he then killed it, and cut off a good part of it to roast.

He considered what he must do with the rest of the turtle to keep it from tainting. To salt it would have been the only effectual way, but then he had neither rub nor salt.

It filled him with concern to think that all that fine turtle must be unfit to eat the next day. All at once a thought struck him. The upper shell of the turtle was shaped like a large bowl. “That,” said he, “shall serve me for a trough to salt it in—but where is the salt?”

“Only think, what a great fool I must be!” cried he, “cannot I steep this meat in sea-water, and will not that have nearly the same effect that brine would have?”

His turtle was now nicely done. “Ah!” said Robinson, after he had tasted it, “if one had the least morsel of bread with this! How stupid was I, in my youth, not to know that we should thank God for a bit of dry bread!”

While taken up with these reflections, he recollected some potatoes that he had left in the ashes before he went out in the morning. “Let us see,” said he, “how they will turn out;” and he took up one of them.

Here was new cause of rejoicing! The fruit was in effect as agreeable as any European potatoe.

In short, Robinson made a magnificent repast; after which, he threw himself on the bed to consider what work he should begin when the violence of the heat was over.

“What piece of work,” said he, “should I undertake at present? The best way, certainly, will be to go and kill a couple of lamas.—But what am I to do with such a quantity of meat?—What, if I should hang up some of it to dry in the smoke of my kitchen?”—

He presently saw that the thing might be done. It was an easy matter to hang his hams and flitches up in the smoke of the chimney. This happy thought he resolved to execute. What would he have given that his bricks were already hard enough, that he might begin the grand work that very moment!

What

While he meditated what was to be done a fresh thought struck him.

*Rich.* What was it, then?

*Mr. Bill.* He resolved, in order that he might have company, and provide for his subsistence, to bring up some tame animals.

*Geo.* Ah! some of the lamas, I dare say.

*Mr. Bill.* Right. In fact, these were the only animals that he had seen hitherto.

*Geo.* I should like to be along with him, to have some lamas.

*Mr. Bill.* But pray, George, how would you contrive it? They were hardly so tame as to let themselves be caught.

*Geo.* Then how did Robinson mean to do?

*Mr. Bill.* Attend, my dear children, to the instructions of an affectionate parent, and never despair of success in any labour or difficulty whatsoever. Unwearied application, constant reflection, and a courage that perseveres in spite of every obstacle, have often brought enterprizes to a period which were at first deemed impracticable.

Robinson soon succeeded in hitting upon a method to take the lamas alive.

*Rich.* What was it?

*Mr. Bill.* He proposed to make a noose upon a cord, and, hiding himself behind a tree, to throw the noose over the head of the first lama that should approach.

As the place by which the lamas were accustomed to pass, in their way to the water, was pretty far off, he put off till next day the execution of his project: in the mean time he made the preparations requisite for the journey.

He went to the spot where the potatoes grew, and filled his bag with them. Part of them he put down in the warm ashes to roast, and the rest he threw into a corner of his cave. In the next place, he cut off a pretty large piece of his turtle, and steeped what remained in sea-water.

For the rest of the afternoon, he indulged himself with a walk along the sea-side. His eyes traversed with pleasure the immense ocean; he turned them fondly towards the part of the world where his dear country was situated, and a few trembling tears trickled down his cheeks at the remembrance of his beloved parents.

"What are they doing now, those poor disconsolate parents?" cried he, bathed in tears, and clasping his hands together.

together. Oh, my dearest, best of fathers! my tender, affectionate mother! pardon, ah, pardon your unhappy son for thus afflicting you! And thou, O heavenly Father, at present my only father, my only society, my only support and protector!"—[here he threw himself upon his knees in the posture of adoration.]

At length he rose, and, with his knife of flint, he cut out upon the bark of a tree the much-loved names of his parents. Over them he placed these words, "God bless you!" and below, "Mercy to your lost son!" After that, his lips, warm with affection, kissed the names which he had cut out, and he bedewed them with his tears.

*Geo.* He might now, therefore, return to his parents, if Providence thought fit.

*Mr. Bill.* God, who foresees every thing that will happen, knows best what is for the advantage of any man, and will regulate the events of his life accordingly. It is true, circumstances have kindled a spark of virtue in Robinson's breast, but who can tell, if he was at this moment taken from his island, and restored to his father's house, whether the infection of example and prosperity would not corrupt him once more? Oh, my children, how just is this precept, "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall!"

While Robinson walked backwards and forwards on the beach, it occurred to him that he would do well to bathe himself.

He amused himself with swimming out from shore towards a neck of land that extended pretty far into the sea.

*Charlotte.* A neck of land? What is that?

*Mr. Bill.* It is a long piece of land, one end of which joins an island or a continent, and the other stretches out into the sea. You understand?

*Charlotte.* Oh, perfectly.

*Mr. Bill.* This thought of Robinson's was very lucky; for he found that the neck of land was covered, on the ebbing of the tide, with a considerable quantity of turtles, oysters, and muscles, which were left behind. The discovery of them afforded him no small degree of satisfaction.

Pleased with these discoveries, he came out of the water, after having been a full hour in it, and, after he had dressed himself, returned to his habitation, frequently repeating to himself, "The Lord be praised for all things!"

*Harriet.* Oh, how I should like to see Robinson! I am very fond of him.

*Geo.* If papa would only give me paper, I should like to write him a letter.

*Edw.* So would I too.

*Rich.* And it would give me great pleasure to write to him.

*Harriet.* So it would me, if I knew how to write.

*Mrs. Bill.* My dear, you shall tell me what you would say to him; I will write for you.

*Harriet.* Oh, thank ye, mama, that will do charmingly!

*Mrs. Bill.* Come, then, I will give you all paper.

Upon this, they retired to the next room for about half an hour, at the end of which time they all returned in great spirits, with each a letter in their hand.

*Harriet.* Here, papa, here is my letter; pray be so good as to read it.

*Mr. Billingsley reads:*

“My dear Robinson,

“Take pains to be industrious and good. You now see how useful it is to suffer a little hardship. Come some day and see us; I will then tell you more.

HARRIET.”

*Geo.* Now mine, papa: here it is.

*Mr. Billingsley reads:*

“My dear friend,

“We wish you all the happiness possible, and as soon as I get some pocket-money I will buy you something. And go on, as you have begun, to be a good lad. I wish you well, dear Robinson, and am,

Your faithful friend,

GEORGE BILLINGSLEY.

*Twickenham, Feb. 7, 1788.”*

*Edw.* Well, here is mine; but I fear it is too short.

*Mr. Billingsley reads:*

“Dear Robinson,

“I am sorry that you are so unfortunate. If you had staid at home, these misfortunes would never have happened.

I am, your faithful friend,

EDWARD BILLINGSLEY.”

*Rich.* Now mine. It is my turn next.

*Mr. Billingsley reads :*

“Honoured Robinson,

“I pity you very much. I wish that you may be able, some day or other, to return to your dear parents. I say, again, take care of your health. I am,

Your sincere friend,

RICHARD BILLINGSLEY.

*Twickenham, Feb. 7, 1788.”*

*Henry.* Mine, I am afraid, is good for nothing.

*Mr. Bill.* Let us see.

*Henry.* I only wrote a few words in a hurry, that I might have done as soon as the rest.

*Mr. Billingsley reads :*

“My dear Mr. Crusoe,

“How goes the world with you yonder in your island? I am told you have met with a good many turns of fortune.—I understand too that you have found a great lump of gold; but there in your island it is of no service to you. It would have been better for you, had you found some iron instead of it: you could, then, have made yourself a knife, a hatchet, and other tools. I wish you well; and am,

Your faithful friend,

HENRY BILLINGSLEY.

*Twickenham, Feb. 7, 1788.”*

*Geo.* But now, after all, how are we to send our letters?

*Harriet.* We need only give them to some captain of a ship that is going to South America.

*Rich. (whispering his Father)* They are so soft as to think that Robinson Crusoe is still alive.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear children, I thank you, in Robinson's name, for the kindness that you shew him; but as to these letters, it won't be in my power to send them.

*Geo.* La! why not?

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson has been long since in heaven.

*Geo.* Ah! what, is he dead? and but just now he has been bathing himself!

*Mr. Bill.* You forget, my dear George, that what I relate to you concerning Robinson Crusoe, happened fifty years ago. But I will have your letters printed in his history.

*Harriet*

*Harriet.* Oh! that will be charming. But in the mean time, I suppose, papa, you will go on telling us something of him.

*Mr. Bill.* With pleasure.—Robinson, after bathing himself, went home to his dwelling-place, ate his supper, and went to rest contentedly.

And it is time for us to do so too.

## EIGHTH EVENING.

*MR. Bill.* Robinson rose the next morning and prepared for the chase.

It was very early; he resolved, therefore, for this time, to take a round, in order to make himself acquainted with some other parts of his island.

He discovered, in the course of his walk, something lie on the ground which excited his curiosity, and found, to his great satisfaction, that it was—what do you think?

*Henry.* Pearls, perhaps.

*Mr. Bill.* What he found was—salt.

Hitherto he had, in some respect, supplied the want of salt with sea-water; but, after all, *that* was not salt. The sea-water has a bitter taste which is very disagreeable: and, besides, it was a mistake to think that meat salted in this manner would keep; because sea-water, as well as that of a spring or river, grows stinking after it has stood some time.

*Geo.* How did that salt come there, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* When any sea-water is left upon the land, after a high tide, or a flood, the sun makes the water by degrees to evaporate, and what remains on the spot is then salt.

*Harriet.* Well, that is comical.

*Mr. Bill.* See with what kindness Heaven provides for us!

Robinson went in high spirits to the place where he hoped to noose a lama. When he came there, he saw none; he sat down, therefore, at the foot of a tree, to regale himself with his roast turtle and potatoes.

Just as he had finished his meal, the lamas appeared at a distance. Robinson quickly placed himself in a posture

of attack, when, presently, there came up one so near to him, that he scarce needed more than to drop the noose to have him fast in it. He did so, and that moment the lama was his prisoner.

This lama was a female, and had two young ones, which followed her, and did not appear to be the least afraid of him. He patted the pretty little things, and they—just as if they would have begged of him to let their mother go—licked his hands.

*Geo.* Well, then, I think he might have let her go.

*Mr. Bill.* But he had occasion for it; and you know, my dear George, we are permitted to make use of animals in case of need, provided we do not abuse them.

Robinson was transported with joy at having so happily attained his object. He dragged the creature along with all his strength.

On Robinson's arrival at his dwelling, a difficulty arose how to get the lama into his enclosure; when being unable to effect this, he resolved to make up a little stable just by to keep it in; and fastening the animal to a tree, he immediately cut down a number of young trees, and fixed them in the ground, so close one beside the other, that they formed a pretty strong wall. While this was doing, the lama lay down through weariness, and the little ones were sucking quite unconcerned, and feasting themselves at their ease.

What a pleasing sight was this to Robinson! He then put the lama and her young ones into their new stable, and closed up the last opening with branches firmly interwoven.

What was his satisfaction now! Besides the company of the lamas, which of itself was a valuable thing, he promised himself many other great advantages, and with much reason.

There wanted still one thing to complete his happiness: he wished to be in the same enclosure with his dear lamas, that he might have them always before his eyes, and, therefore, determined to break down one side of his wall of trees, and to make another that would take in a larger space.

This work was finished in a few days, and then Robinson had the satisfaction of being in the same habitation with his three domestic companions. This, however, did not make him forget his first companion, the spider, which he provided every day with gnats and flies.

The lama, also, and its young ones, soon grew fond of his society.

society. As often as he returned home, they came jumping to meet him ; they would smell about him, and gratefully lick his hand whenever he gave them any thing to eat.

After this he weaned the young ones, and then began to milk the dam regularly morning and evening.

As his cocoa-nut tree was useful to him in many respects, he was extremely desirous to find a method of producing more of them. But how was he to contrive it ? He had often heard of grafting trees, but the manner in which it was done had never excited his curiosity. " Oh," said he to himself, " how little is the advantage that I have reaped from the years of my childhood ! Ah ! if I had known my own interest better, should I not have taken notice of every thing that I saw or heard ?"

But of what use were these wishes ? It was, therefore, his business to exert himself in supplying by his own invention what he wanted in skill ; and this, in effect, was the course that he took.

He cut off the tops of two or three young trees ; in the middle of the trunk he made a small slit, in which he stuck a young twig from the cocoa-nut tree ; he then covered round with thin bark the place where he had made the slit, and waited with impatience for the result of his labour. After some time the suckers began to bud, and now he had found a method to produce a whole grove of cocoa-nut trees, which was a fresh cause for rejoicing.

The old lama and the young ones were also in a short time grown as tame as dogs. He began, therefore, as occasion required, to make them serve for carrying burthens.

*Rich.* Ay ; but how could he take them with him when there was no way for them to go out of the enclosure ?

*Mr. Bill.* I forgot to tell you, that, in the new wall, at a part where it touched a close thicket, he had left an opening where a lama could barely squeeze itself out. This hole was not to be seen from without, and every evening Robinson closed it up with branches strongly interwoven together.

It was delightful to see Robinson coming home to his habitation, and his lama walking before him. Then was the joy of the young lamas complete ; they expressed their satisfaction by jumping and bleating, and would run first to their mother to welcome her home, then to their master to caress him also.

*Mr.*



*Mr. Rose.* It must be confessed, there is something very instructive and affecting in this gratitude of animals towards a man who has done them a kindness.

*Mr. Bill.* There are several examples of it which are extremely striking.

*Henry.* Ay; for instance, the lion and the man mentioned in SANDFORD and MERTON—what was the man's name?

*Rich.* Androcles.

*Henry.* The same. He had plucked a thorn out of the lion's paw.

*Geo.* There was a good lion! He was so fond of Androcles, who had done him that service; and ever after, in return, he did the man no harm when he had it in his power to devour him.

*Rich.* For my part, I like much better the dog that belonged to a Swiss.

*Harriet.* What dog?

*Rich.* Have you forgot him? The dog, that saved the lives of two men.

*Harriet.* Dear Richard, tell us that story.

*Rich.* There was once a man in Switzerland, where those high mountains the Alps are. Well, the man climbed up to the top of one of them, which was prodigious high.

*Geo.* You leave out one thing, brother; he took a guide with him.

*Rich.* Certainly, he took a guide—well, and the guide took his dog. Now, when they had reached the top of the mountain——

*Geo.* Yes, and the mountain was covered with snow——

*Rich.* Now, when they were almost at the top, the gentleman slipped, and the guide going to his assistance slipped too, and so then they both slipped and slid until they were within a few yards of the edge of the precipice, from which they would have fallen down almost a mile before they touched the bottom. But then the good dog seized his master by the skirt of his coat, and held him fast, so that he could not slip any farther, and he held the gentleman until they both got up.

*Geo.* Well, now you must tell us what the gentleman said.

*Rich.* He invited the guide to come and see him as often  
as

as he pleased at his house, and charged him never to forget bringing his dog, as he intended, whenever he came, to give him a good belly-full.

*Harriet.* And did the gentleman do so?

*Rich.* Yes, certainly.

*Harriet.* That was well done.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, my dear children, we have lost sight of Robinson. Shall we stop here for this evening?

*Geo.* Oh, dear papa, no.

*Mr. Bill.* By this time his bricks were hard enough to be used. He looked, therefore, for some chalky earth, with which, instead of lime, he intended to make mortar for his wall.

Having finished all the preparatives requisite for his masonry, he made his lama bring home the bricks that he had occasion for.

*Rich.* But how was he able to put the bricks upon the lama?

*Mr. Bill.* Why, he had long observed that it would be a very great advantage to him to know something of the useful art of weaving wicker panniers; and having once succeeded in making an umbrella by this sort of weaving, he frequently afterwards amused himself in his leisure hours with trials of the same kind, till he was able to make a pretty tight pannier. Two of these he had woven on purpose for his lama to carry. He fastened them together with a string, and laid them upon the lama in such a manner that they hung down one on each side.

Robinson then fell to his bricklaying. He had now built up one of the walls of his kitchen, and laid the foundation of the other, when there happened something which he had never dreamt of.

*Rich.* I wonder what that accident was.

*Harriet.* Oh! I know it. The savages came and ate him up.

*Geo.* Mercy on us! was it that, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* No, it was not that; but it was something that frightened him almost as much as if the savages were come to roast him alive.

*Rich.* Dear me! what was it?

*Mr. Bill.* It was night, and Robinson, fatigued with the toils of the day, was fallen into a sweet slumber, and dreaming, as usual, of his dear parents, when suddenly

—— But

—But let us not close this evening's entertainment with an event so full of terror; rather let us turn our thoughts to something more agreeable, that we may end the day in joy and gratitude to our good Father who is in heaven.

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## NINTH EVENING.

**M**R. BILLINGSLEY having brought the history of the NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE down to the end of the preceding evening, it happened that business for several evenings successively prevented him from resuming the story.

The conjectures of the young family were endless. One guessed this thing, another that.

“But why should we not know the whole?” said some of them, in a very piteous tone.

“I have my reasons,” answered their father.

The children, therefore, pressed no farther, but waited with impatience for the moment when the cause of their father's silence should no longer exist. Mean time, Mr. Billingsley could clearly perceive what passed in their minds.

“Why does our papa refuse us this satisfaction? What reasons can he have for not gratifying our curiosity?” He thought proper, therefore, upon this occasion, to tell them that he had reasons of importance for not continuing the story.

“Prepare yourselves,” said he, “to set off to-morrow morning down the river for Greenwich.”

“Down the river?—To Greenwich?—In a boat?—What I, papa?—Shall I go?—And I?” asked all the children with one voice; and a general “*Yes*” having satisfied all their questions, they ran to communicate the news to their mama.

Every thing, therefore, was prepared for the next day's party.

At length the morning appeared. Nothing was heard but knocking at each other's bed rooms; so that they were all very soon obliged to rise and dress themselves.

When the whole party, old and young, were assembled,  
and

and the former were almost devoured with caresses by the latter; Mr. Billingsley rubbed his eyes, and in a tone of voice which breathed most sorrowful discord to the accents of universal joy, he said, "My dear children, if you would do me a favour, you would excuse me to-day from performing my promise."

"What promise? what promise?"

*Mr. Bill.* The promise that I made you of going to Greenwich to-day.

Not one could utter a syllable.

*Mr. Bill.* I have been thinking last night that we shall do wrong to go on this party to-day.

*The Children.* Why so, papa? — and they could hardly speak for sobs.

*Mr. Bill.* In the first place, we have had an easterly wind, which makes the river extremely rough, and must be very disagreeable to a party that are going down.

But I have still a stronger reason. You know, Charles and Arthur Stanfield, your first cousins, are to come out of Cheshire shortly, and spend a month with us; would it not be infinitely better to wait for their coming, and take them with us? Would they not sigh and wish that they had been there too? And, in that case, would the remembrance of our day's pleasure cause us much satisfaction?

A profound silence.

*Mr. Billingsley goes on.* You know, I never broke my word with you; so that if you insist upon it, we shall set off. But if you would, of your own accord, quit me of my promise, you would do me a kindness. Therefore speak—What is to be done?

"We will wait" was the answer; and, consequently, the fine party of pleasure was put off till another time.

It was easy to be seen that this victory over themselves had cost some of them dear. Mr. Billingsley took occasion, therefore, when they were all assembled, to speak to them in this manner:

"My dear children, what has happened to you to-day, will happen to you frequently in the course of your lives.

"The reasons which your heavenly Father will have to act thus with you, will seldom appear to you so clearly and distinctly as you have heard my reasons this morning for putting off our party to Greenwich; for God, being infinitely wise, looks to the most remote futurity; and often, for our advantage,

tage, suffers things to happen, the good effects of which we do not experience until long after, perhaps even in another world.

“ Now, if every thing were to happen perfectly to your wish while you are young, and if you always obtained, at the exact moment, whatever was the object of your hopes, oh ! my dears, how much the worse would it be for you during the remainder of your lives !

“ In this case, then, what are we to do, my dear children ? — Accustom yourselves, while you are young, to deprive yourselves frequently of a pleasure which you would have given the world to enjoy.

“ What I have said, will teach you, my dear children, to interpret many instances of our behaviour, which to you appear unaccountable, and which we, who are advanced in years, commonly adopt with regard to you. You have, no doubt, often been surprised at our refusing you a gratification for which, perhaps, you longed ardently. And why did we do so ? Often merely on purpose to exercise your patience and moderation, virtues so necessary to all men, and to prepare you for the subsequent accidents of your lives.

“ You know now, also, why, for these few days past, I have forbore the recital of Robinson Crusoe’s History.”

*Harriet.* Because, papa, you had a mind to teach us patience.

*Mr. Bill.* Very right !

A few days more passed without any talk of going on with the story of Robinson Crusoe ; but, at length, the hour so earnestly longed for arrived ; Mr. Billingsley went on, therefore, without interruption, in these words :

It was night, as I told you at my leaving off, and Robinson was quietly stretched on his bed of dry grass, according to his custom, dreaming of his parents, when, all at once, a rumbling noise was heard, together with dreadful cracks. Robinson jumped out of bed without knowing where he was going. At this moment happened a dreadful shock of the earth, which was succeeded by several others. The rumbling noise also continued, which seemed to come from under ground.

Robinson ran out of his cave into the space before it, and the affrighted lamas followed. Scarce were they out, when a piece of the rock fell down upon the bed which Robinson had just left. Fear, now, lent him wings.

His first intention was to secure himself upon a neighbouring mountain. He was going to run thither, when he beheld



that very same spot of the mountain open and vomit forth smoke, fire, and a burning stream of what is called *lava*.

He ran towards the sea-side; but here he beheld a new scene no less terrible. A dreadful whirlwind had driven together a large quantity of clouds, and heaped them, as it were, one upon the other. Their own weight burst them at length, and the consequence was such a deluge of rain as laid the whole country under water.

Robinson saved himself by climbing up a tree; but his poor lamas were carried off by the violence of the flood. How willingly would he have endeavoured to save them, but that the rapidity of the torrent had already carried them far beyond his reach!

The earth still continued to shake for a few minutes, after which there fell, all at once, a dead calm.

*Charlotte.* What occasions these earthquakes, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* Tell her, Richard.

*Rich.* There are a number of great holes under the earth, like caverns, and these are filled with air and exhalations. Besides, there are within the earth all manner of things that easily take fire, as sulphur, pitch, nitre, and the like. These begin sometimes to heat and take fire, when moisture happens to accompany them.

*Mr. Bill.* I have somewhere read that a man might make a little mountain for himself that would vomit fire. If you should like that, we will make the experiment some day.

*The Children.* Oh, yes, by all means, dear papa.

*Rich.* And how is that done?

*Mr. Bill.* You need only dig a hole in the ground where it is moist, and put into it some sulphur and filings of iron. This mixture will heat and take fire of itself, and then you have a burning mountain in miniature. We will make a trial of it the first idle day.

Robinson's situation was, indeed, now, to the full as miserable as ever it had been. His cave was a heap of ruins; his dear and faithful lamas he had seen carried off by the flood; all his past labours were demolished, and his plans for the future disappointed! The mountain, it is true, had ceased to throw up fire, but it was very possible that this mountain might now continue to be always a volcano.

Overpowered with melancholy ideas, he sunk under the weight of his miseries, and, instead of turning himself towards

God, he thought of nothing but his future misery, which appeared to him infinite both in weight and duration.

Exhausted with anguish and discomfort, he leaned against the tree, and uttered sighs, or rather deep groans, of distress.

*Geo. (to Mr. Meredith.)* I see now that my papa was right.

*Mr. Mered.* In what?

*Geo.* That our heavenly Father knew every thing best, and that it was not for us to judge in certain cases.

*Edw.* So I think too. I must own, I am far from liking Robinson now so well as I did some time ago.

*Mr. Bill.* Your observation, my dear children, is perfectly just. It is true, we see plainly that Robinson has not that firm confidence in his Maker which he naturally ought to have; but, before we condemn him, let us first put ourselves in his place for a moment, and ask our own hearts if we should have acted better under the same circumstances.

At length the day appeared, and its new-born light, while it spread joy over all nature, found poor Robinson still leaning against the tree, in a situation truly deplorable. At last he set himself in motion, and arrived at the ruins of his habitation. But what joyful emotions seized his breast, when his dear lamas, safe and sound, came jumping to meet him!

At first he could not believe his eyes, but his doubts were soon satisfied. The lamas ran up to him, licked his hands, and expressed their joy at seeing him again by bleating and skipping about.

Robinson's heart was now awakened. He looked at his lamas, then up to Heaven; and tears of repentance for his want of faith bedewed his cheeks. He now patted and caressed his old friends a thousand times, and went to see what was become of his dwelling-place.

*Henry.* But how were the lamas saved?

*Mr. Bill.* We may suppose that the flood had carried them to some rising ground where the waters were not quite so deep.

Robinson then stood in the front of his cave, and found the damage here also by no means so considerable as he had imagined it. The ceiling had, it is true, tumbled down, and brought some of the earth along with it; yet, after all, it appeared not impossible to clear the cave of these ruins; for when he had more closely examined the spot where the piece of rock had been suspended, he perceived it to be surrounded on every side by a soft earth, and, therefore, likely enough

to fall down by its own weight sooner or later. The all wise and good Creator had so formed the earth, that exactly at that time, and in that island, there should be such an earthquake. Even the rumbling noise under ground, and the roaring of the hurricane, were circumstances that contributed to save him: for, had the earthquake come on without any noise, Robinson, in all likelihood, would not have awakened, and then the fall of the rock would certainly have put an end to his life.

Thus, my children, Heaven took care of him at a time when he thought himself forsaken, and even made these dreadful accidents, which Robinson looked upon as his greatest misfortune, contribute wholly to his preservation.

## TENTH EVENING.

*MR. BILLINGSLEY goes on.*—Robinson, who for some time past had used the custom of joining prayer with his labour, began by throwing himself on his knees to thank God for his late deliverance; after which he began to clear his cave of the ruins.

He tried to roll out the smallest of the two pieces, but in vain: the task was too much for his strength.

*Rich.* I would have made a lever, or a crow, such as the men had the other day when they rolled a great beam into the barn-yard.

*Geo.* What is a lever, or a crow, as you call it?

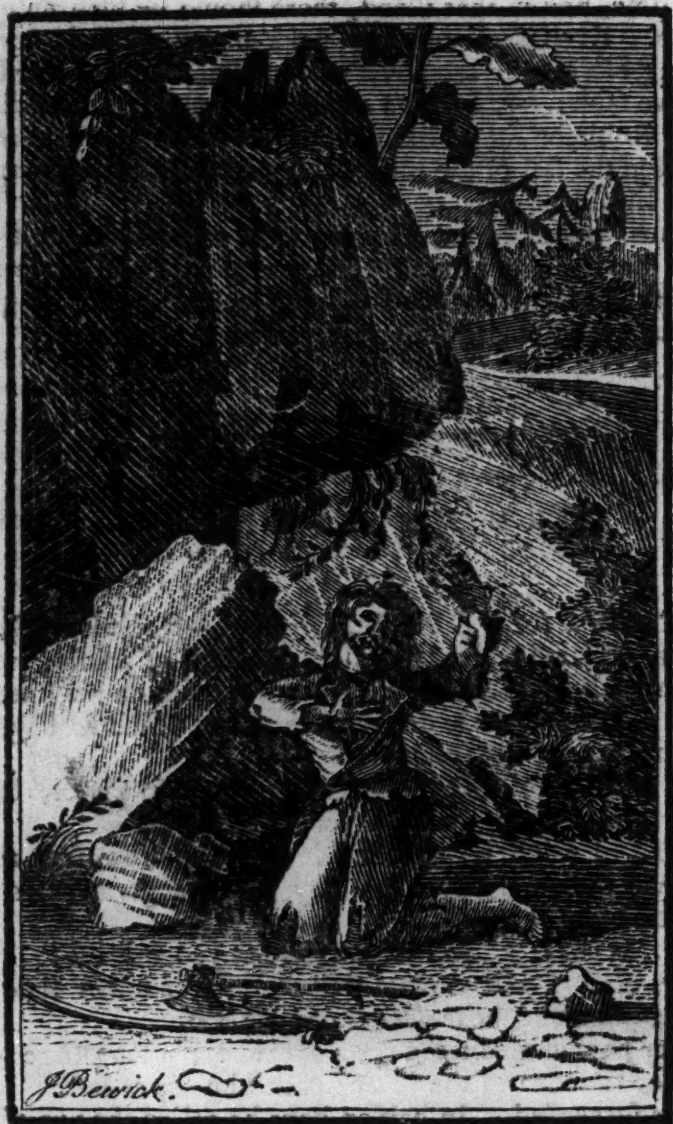
*Mr. Bill.* I will explain that to you at another time: at present listen and hear what Robinson did.

After having meditated upon the matter a long time to no purpose, the idea of the lever struck him too at last.

This succeeded. In half an hour he rolled the two pieces of stone clean out of the cave, and then he had the satisfaction of seeing his dwelling twice as spacious as before, and, what was of infinitely more consequence, quite secure.

*Edw.* But, papa, what was become of his spider?

*Mr. Bill.* I am glad you put me in mind of it. Poor spider! I had almost forgot it. According to all appearance,



it was buried under the ruins of the cieling; at least, Robinson never saw it again.

He now ventured to turn his steps towards the volcano, and was astonished at the quantity of melted matter that had run from it on all sides.

Having remarked that the principal stream of lava had taken its course towards the spot where his potatoes grew, he was much terrified at the idea that this torrent of fire might, perhaps, have laid waste the whole place. He went, therefore, to the spot, and found, to his great joy, the whole plantation safe. From that moment he resolved to plant potatoes in many different parts of his island for fear of accidents.

Having put this design into execution, he began again to work upon his kitchen. Here also the terrible convulsion of nature was the means of procuring him a great advantage; for the burning mountain had thrown up a considerable quantity of limestones. These are commonly burnt in a kiln; but here the burning mountain had already been as good as a limekiln to them.

Robinson, therefore, had only to gather a small heap of these stones, to throw water upon them, and then to stir the heap well about. He then mixed with it a little sand, and fell to work immediately.

In the mean time, Robinson ventured to approach the gulf. He found the sides and the bottom covered with cold lava; and had reason to hope that the subterraneous fire was extinguished.

This hope having given him fresh strength and spirits, he turned his thoughts towards laying in a store of provisions against the winter. With this intent he caught eight lamas. These he killed, except one ram, which he kept alive to be company for his three tame lamas; and he hung up the greatest part of the flesh in his kitchen to smoke.

Here was a pretty good stock of provisions; yet still he dreaded lest he should fall short if the winter was severe and lasted long. For this reason, he would have taken more lamas, but he found his method would no longer answer; for the creatures were on their guard: so that he was obliged to invent some new way of taking them. This he soon found. The lamas, in their flight from their drinking-place, always jumped clean over an hedge, and landed at the bottom of a hill; and this circumstance determined him to dig a deep hole on this spot, that they might fall into it and be taken.

taken. His indefatigable labour finished in a day and a half this new work of his invention. The pit he covered over with green branches, and the next day two lamas were taken in it.

He now thought himself sufficiently provided with meat; but there yet remained three things more, which done, he was to count himself fully guarded and provided against the expected approach of winter: hay was to be made for his lamas; a stock of wood laid up for firing; and all his potatoes lodged in the cellar.

Hay he had collected in a pretty large quantity, and stacked it up in his court-yard; but here experience taught him a little more of haymaking, though at the expence of some labour and trouble.

He had not taken care to dry the hay perfectly. Whenever this happens, it frequently takes fire. This was a matter that Robinson had never heard of; for he had never troubled his head about farming business; but in his present situation he learned how useful it is to remark every thing, and to collect as much information as possible.

His surprise was great, indeed, when he saw his haycock begin to smoke.

He took it down as fast as possible; but was surprised to find no fire, and to see that the hay was every where extremely hot and moist. He was, therefore, at last, convinced, (as was really the case,) that the moisture alone caused the hay to heat.

*Rich.* I must own I find it hard to imagine how wetness alone can make any thing heat.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear Richard; there are a thousand such effects as this in nature; and human reason, which hath been reflecting on them for many ages, hath clearly discovered the true causes of many of them. These useful discoveries are comprised in a science which is called Natural Philosophy.

Robinson then dried his hay afresh, and made it up into a fresh haycock. To render it still more secure, he topped it with a covering of reeds.

For some days he employed himself in gathering dry wood. After this, he dug up his potatoes, and found them a very considerable stock. Lastly, he shook the lemon-tree, and brought home as many of the fruit as were ripe; and now he was freed from all apprehensions of want during the bad weather.

But

But though it was almost the end of October, the cold was not to be felt in the least. Instead of that, it rained so incessantly that the air seemed to be changed into water. For a fortnight together, he never put his foot outside of his cave, unless to go to fetch victuals and water.

How heavily the hours crept on! Nothing to do, and all alone! If any body could have given him a book, or pen, ink, and paper, he would have given one day of his life for every sheet of paper. "Oh!" said he "how silly was I in my younger days to look upon reading and writing as tiresome, and idleness as agreeable! The most tedious book in the world would now be a treasure to me."

During this wearisome time, necessity forced him to have recourse to all sorts of employments. He had been meditating a long time whether it would not be possible for him to make some earthen pots and a lamp. He ran, therefore, to look for potter's earth, and immediately began to work. He spent a few days in this manner, his work affording him amusement rather than trouble, until, at length, his pots and lamp were finished completely.

The rain continued, in the mean time, without interruption. Robinson, therefore, saw himself under the necessity of inventing other domestic labours. His first task was to make a fishing-net. He had laid in, beforehand, a pretty good stock of packthread, which came now very seasonably into use; and he contrived to make a net, which, for goodness and real service, was little inferior to our common fishing-nets.

It next came into his head to try whether he could not make a bow and arrows. With a bow and arrows he could kill lamas, he could shoot birds, and—what was by far more important—with these he could defend himself in his dwelling-place, if ever the savages came to attack him. He was all impatience to see the bow finished, and ran, notwithstanding the rain and the wind, to look for the proper wood.

Having, therefore, cut a piece of wood which he found happily proper for the purpose, he carried it home, and began immediately to work upon it. But, alas! how did he then feel the want of a proper knife! He was obliged to cut twenty times to bring off as much wood as we could cut at once with a knife of steel: he had, however, the inexpressible joy of seeing his bow finished on the ninth day; and now he wanted nothing but a string and arrows. If he had thought of it  
when

when he killed the lamas, he would have tried, perhaps, to make strings of their guts; for he knew that, in Europe, it is common to make them out of sheeps guts. For want, therefore, of catgut, he twisted a string of packthread, and made it as strong as possible. After this, he proceeded to make his arrows.

What would he have given for a small piece of iron to point his arrows with!

By thinking on the subject, he, at length, remembered that the savages of some nations make use of fish-bones and sharp stones to point their lances and arrows.

He ran immediately to the sea-side, and was lucky enough to find some fish-bones and sharp flints, exactly such as he wanted. After this, he cut a long, straight staff for a spear.

In a few days the spear and the arrows were finished.

He then tried how his bow would shoot: though it wanted a number of things, he found it, however, tolerably handy for shooting birds, or other small animals. He did not even doubt but he should be able, with this bow, to wound a naked savage, provided the savage would let him come near enough.

His earthen pots and his lamp were now sufficiently dry. In the first place, he put into one of his new pipkins a lump of fat. This fat he intended to use as oil for his lamp. But he had the mortification to perceive that it soaked through the pipkin, drop by drop, so that very little remained in the pipkin.

What a disagreeable accident! He had made himself so happy in thinking that he should soon spend the evenings pleasantly by the light of a lamp; but now all these hopes seemed to vanish.

He sat down, therefore, in his *studying corner*, (for so he called one of the corners of his cave,) and there he rubbed his forehead. "Whence comes it," said he to himself, "that the pots in Europe do not soak through?—Why, because they are glazed—Hum! Glazed? Now, how is it done?—Aha! I think I know now! Have not I read somewhere, that sand and several other substances might be turned into glass by a strong fire?"

He then kindled a good fire, and put one of the pipkins into the very middle of it. However, it was not long there before it split in pieces.

He sat down again in his *studying corner*. "Have I ever met with any thing similar to this before?—Eh! certainly I have.

have. In winter-time, when we have put a tumbler full of cold water on a warm stove, did not the glass break immediately?—Has it ever happened that the glass did *not* break? Yes, when it was put on the stove before it was quite hot, or when we put a piece of paper under it.

This method succeeded rather better. The pipkin did not split; but, then, it was not glazed!

“How comes this?” said Robinson; “I thought the fire was hot enough.” After meditating upon the matter, he thought he had hit upon the reason. He had made the experiment with a fire which was not closed up in a stove or oven, but burned in the open air. This fire lost its force too soon, and was too much spread on every side to heat the earthen ware sufficiently for glazing it. Robinson, therefore, determined to construct a proper oven like those in the potteries; but for this it was requisite that the weather should be more favourable.

For it rained still incessantly; and when it was absolutely past, Robinson thought that the winter was going to set in. He could scarce believe his eyes, when he saw the trees budding, and fresh flowers beginning every where to blow. The thing was beyond his comprehension. “This will be a warning to me,” said he, “never, for the future, to deny any thing hastily that I do not understand.”

*Mrs. Bill.* Did not he go to bed when he had said so?

*Mr. Bill.* I am not positive whether he did or not. However, as I find nothing else remarkable in this day's occurrences, I presume he did go to bed. And we will do the same, that, like him, we may rise to-morrow with the sun.

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#### ELEVENTH EVENING.

**GEORGE.** Papa, I should like to be in Robinson's place now.

*Mr. Bill.* Would you really?

*Geo.* Yes; for now he has every thing that he wants, and lives in a fine country, where there is never any winter.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson knew very well the value of all these good things, and thanked God for them; nevertheless, he would

would have given the half of his remaining life for the arrival of a ship that would carry him to his own country.

*Geo.* Ay! why what did he want still?

*Mr. Bill.* Many things; an infinite deal of things, not to say every thing. He wanted those blessings without which there can be no true happiness here below, as society, friends, beings of his own species, whom he might love, and by whom he might be, in his turn, beloved.

Besides, Robinson was far from having his many other wants gratified. His cloaths were falling by degrees all to rags; nor did he know how he was to have new ones.

*Rich.* Oh! as to cloaths, he might very well do without them in an island where there was no winter.

*Harriet.* Oh fie! Would you have him go naked?

*Mr. Bill.* It is true, he had no occasion for cloaths to protect him from the cold; but he had much occasion for them to guard his body from the insects with which this island swarmed, particularly muskitoes.

*Edw.* What are these creatures, these muskitoes?

*Mr. Bill.* A sort of flies, whose sting is much more painful than that of ours. For they produce as painful swellings as those of bees or wasps do with us.

This, together with his longing desire to behold his parents, once more drew many a sigh from him, when, looking over the boundless ocean, he could distinguish nothing but the sea and sky. How did his heart flutter with hope, when he perceived a small cloud, which his imagination represented to him as a ship in full sail! And when he discovered his mistake, how the tears would trickle from his eyes, as he returned home to his habitation!

*Harriet.* He should have prayed for the coming of a ship; perhaps his prayers might have been heard.

*Mr. Bill.* He did so, my dear Harriet.

Lest a vessel should happen any day to pass near the island at a time when he was not near the sea-shore, he resolved to fix a signal by which all who should come in sight might be informed of his distress. This signal was a pole, on the top of which he fastened a banner.

*Edw.* Ay! Where did he get the banner?

*Mr. Bill.* His shirt was in such a state, that it was impossible to wear it longer. He took, therefore, the largest slip of it, and fixed it on the pole that he was to stick up.

He



He would have been very glad to put up also, on his pole, an inscription. The question then was, in what language the inscription should be. Luckily he recollected some Latin words, by which he could express what he wished.

*Geo.* But would seamen understand that?

*Mr. Bill.* The Latin language, you know, is common in all countries of Europe, and most men who have received any education, know something of it. Hence Robinson hoped, that, in whatever ship passed that way, there might be one or two who would understand his inscription.

*Rich.* What was it, then?

*Mr. Bill.* *Ferte opem misero Robinson!* Do you understand, George?

*Geo.* Yes, papa. *Help the unfortunate Robinson!*

*Mr. Bill.* His greatest inconvenience now was the want of shoes and stockings.

How often did he sit down to think of some way to cover himself! but to no purpose. He had neither instruments nor skill to provide himself with what he wanted.

The skins of the lamas appeared the readiest means whereby he might clothe himself; but these were still raw and stiff, and unfortunately he had never troubled himself concerning the manner in which tanners prepared the raw hides.

Nevertheless, necessity was pressing. Something must be done, to hinder him from perishing in the most miserable manner.

Robinson took the skins, and cut out of them first a pair of shoes, and then a pair of stockings.

Of another piece of skin, which was very stiff, he made a mask, cutting in it two small holes for the eyes, and another for the mouth, that he might be able to breathe.

And, since he had begun this work, he resolved not to quit it until he had finished with making himself a jacket and trowsers of lamas skin.

The jacket was composed of three pieces. Two of these pieces served for the arms, and the third for the body. The trowsers consisted of two pieces, and they were laced at the sides. When the jacket and trowsers were finished, he put them both on, with the resolution never to dress himself again in his old European cloaths, except upon the birth-days of his father and mother, which he celebrated as solemn festivals.

His

His dress was then the most singular that can be imagined: from head to foot covered in skins; instead of a sword, a large hatchet of stone by his side; on his back a pouch, with a bow and quiver of arrows; in his right hand a spear, and in his left a wicker umbrella, covered with leaves of the cocoa-nut tree; lastly, upon his head, instead of a hat, a cap of wicker-work.

He now resumed his potter's work. The oven was soon finished, and then he had a mind to try whether he could not produce a glazing on his pots. He put, therefore, his pipkins into it, after which he made up so great a fire, that the oven was red hot. This fire he kept up until evening, being very curious to know the result of his labour. But what, think ye, was the result of it? The first pot that he took out was not glazed, nor, in short, any of them. But, at last, in examining one of the pipkins, he perceived, that this, and this alone, was covered at bottom with a real glazing.

This was to him a riddle which he could by no means solve. "What reason could there be," said he, "why this single pipkin is a little glazed, and not one of the other vessels, though they were all made of the same earth, and baked in one and the same oven?"—He thought and thought again; at length, he recollected that there had been a little salt in this pipkin when he put it into the oven.

*Rich.* Was it the salt, papa, that produced this effect?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes: what Robinson now discovered by chance has been long known in Europe; salt is the true cause why many things turn to glass in the fire: so that he only need have rubbed the earthen ware with salt water, or barely have thrown a little salt into the oven when heated, and immediately all his pots would have been properly glazed.

This, therefore, he resolved to try the next day; and some of his vessels he rubbed with salt water, and put dry salt in others, on purpose to make the two experiments at the same time, when, in the midst of his work, he was taken ill.

He felt pains in his breast and head, and a great weariness all over his limbs, and was threatened with the most terrible situation that a man can possibly experience.

"Good Heaven!" said he to himself; "what will become of me if I cannot rise out of bed! if there is no compassionate being to take care of me, and come to my assistance

ance in my illness ! no friend to wipe off the sweat of death from my forehead, or offer me any refreshment !”—

Sinking under the weight of his distress, he fell to the ground, quite exhausted.

In this situation he remained in an agony of distress ; his hands were clasped strongly together ; and, unable to think, he looked stedfastly up towards heaven. “ Oh, Lord ! Mercy ! ” was all that he could utter, fetching at the same time most heavy sighs and groans.

He mustered up what strength he had still remaining, in order, if possible, to place near his bed whatever he should most want for refreshment. He was barely able to carry a couple of cocoa-nut shells full of water, and place them beside his bed. He next laid some roasted potatoes there, and four lemons which he had still remaining, and then he fell down with weariness on his miserable bed.

If it had pleased his Maker to take him out of the world, how contentedly would he have yielded up his life ! He even prayed that it might be so ; but very soon he reflected that this prayer was not reasonable. “ Am I not the work of God’s hands ? Is he not my tender, wife, and almighty father ? How have I, then, the boldness to prescribe to him what he should do with me ? Doth he not know best what is good for me, and will he not act so as to allot me that which is good ? ”

After these words, raising himself upon his knees, he prayed with all the earnestness possible, saying, “ I resign myself to thee, O my heavenly Father. I will bear contentedly whatsoever thou allottest me ; only grant me strength to bear—it is all that I ask of thee.”

At the same time he was attacked with a violent ague. This cold fit lasted full two hours, and was succeeded by a hot fit, which was like a burning fire through all his veins. He had scarce strength enough to lift the cocoa-nut shell, with the water in it, to his mouth, that he might cool his burning tongue.

It was the worst night that ever he passed in his life. He had a violent and continual pain in his head, and could not close his eyes the whole night. All this weakened him so much, that in the morning he was scarcely able to crawl towards the heap of wood to replenish his fire.

Towards evening his illness increased afresh ; he tried again to go as far as the hearth, but for this time he found himself

himself unable. He was obliged, therefore, to give up all thoughts of keeping in his fire; and he now expected death to approach in a short time.

This night was as restless as the last. In the mean time the fire went out; the remainder of the water that was in the cocoa-nut shells began to spoil, and Robinson was no longer able to turn himself in his bed.

He again humbly asked forgiveness of God for his sins, but particularly thanked him for the afflictions which had been sent him for his amendment. Lastly, he prayed for the happiness of his parents; after which, he recommended his immortal soul to the mercy of his God. He then waited for death with joyful hope.

And, indeed, death seemed to advance fast: he suddenly stopped breathing, felt a convulsive shuddering, sunk down on his bed, and was deprived of sense and motion.

All the young company remained silent for a pretty long time, shewing by their sorrow the respect that they bore to the memory of their friend whom they had never seen—and separated for that evening rather more quietly and with more appearance of thoughtfulness than usual.

## T W E L F T H   E V E N I N G .

**CHARLOTTE.** Well, papa, what will you read us this evening?

**Mr. Bill.** What say ye? Shall I go on with the adventures of Robinson Crusoe?

**Charlotte.** How! why Robinson is dead.

**Rich.** Do not be in a hurry, Charlotte. He may have recovered. Don't you remember that we thought him dead once before? And yet he was alive.

**Mr. Bill.** We left Robinson, after his convulsive shuddering, more dead than alive: nevertheless, he came to himself again, and recovered his senses and faculties.

*The Children.* Ah! that is right—we are all of us glad that he is not dead.

*Mr. Bill.* The first token of his breathing again was a deep sigh. He opens his eyes, and looks round him, then falls into a fit of melancholy, and would have preferred death to life.

He feels himself very weak. The burning heat is now succeeded by a sweat all over his body.

He was now seized with a violent thirst. The water that remained was no longer drinkable: luckily, he thought of his lemons: he put one of them to his mouth, and found himself greatly refreshed.

For two days past he had taken no notice of his lamas; they now afforded a moving sight: some of them looked at him, and seemed to ask if he were recovered yet. Fortunately these animals, as well as camels, can do without drinking for several days, otherwise they would have been very badly off, for Robinson being yet too weak to fetch them water, they were likely to be deprived of it still for some time.

The oldest of the lamas having come up close to him, he exerted the little strength that he had in milking her, that she might not go dry. Her milk, no doubt, assisted Robinson's recovery; for, after drinking it, he found himself considerably better.

After this, he fell asleep again, enjoyed a most refreshing slumber, and did not awake until sunset.

This calm sleep contributed so effectually to the recovery of his strength, that the very next morning he was able to rise, though he still staggered with weakness.

He crawled out of his cave into the space before it. Some beams of the rising sun shone agreeably on his face, and re-animated him with their pleasing warmth. He thought he felt new life. "Eternal source of being!" cried he, "God of my life! what thanks shall I render thee for giving me to behold, once more, the wonderful works of thy almighty hands!"

From these effusions of gratitude towards his Creator, he naturally passed to the admiration of the creatures. His looks wandered, sometimes, over the immensity of heaven's azure vault; sometimes, over the fresh and smiling verdure of the trees and shrubs, besprinkled with pearly dew; sometimes,

sometimes, on his lamas, which, by crowding round him, seemed to caress him and express their joy.

He went at last to examine his new-made earthen ware. As soon as he opened the oven, what an agreeable surprise! All his vessels were as well glazed, as if they had been the work of an experienced potter. In the height of his joy he forgets that his fire is out. When, at length, recollecting this circumstance, he stood motionless for a while, fixing his eyes, sometimes on his pots, sometimes on his fire-place, and ending with heaving a deep sigh.

Nevertheless, he was able this time to moderate his vexation. "The same good Providence," said he to himself, "which before provided you with fire, has always more than one way at hand to provide you with it again." Besides, though he was accustomed to live chiefly on meat, yet he hoped to be able, and not inconveniently, to do without it, and live upon fruits and milk.

*Charlotte.* Why, he might have used his smoked meat for victuals.

*Mr. Bill.* That is true; but how was he to have smoked meat?

*Charlotte.* Oh! I forgot that.

*Mr. Bill.* After all, he was not sorry that he had made the pots and pans: they were convenient to hold his milk, and the largest he intended for a very particular use.

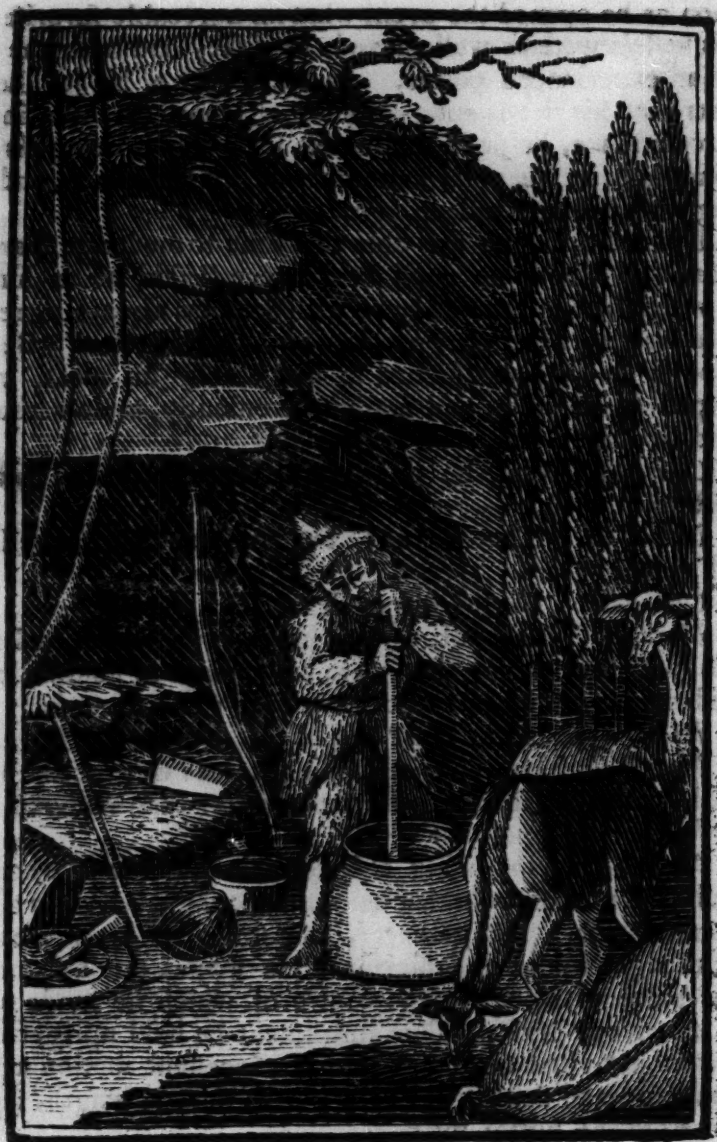
*Rich.* What was that?

*Mr. Bill.* He thought, if his potatoes were accompanied with butter, he should relish them better than without.

*Rich.* I suppose so.

*Mr. Bill.* Not being able to make a churn of wood, he had a mind to try whether he could not churn butter in a large earthen pot. He gathered, therefore, as much cream as he thought would be sufficient. He shaped out also a round flat piece of wood, in the centre of which he made a hole to receive a stick. This instrument he held upright in the cream pot, and moved it with an incessant motion up and down, up and down, until the butter was, at length, separated from the butter-milk.

He was now, once more, happy in the accomplishment of his design; but recollected that he must think no more of potatoes, for want of fire to roast them. Disappointed in his hopes, he finds himself in danger of wanting every thing. It is true, the oysters, the milk, the cocoa-nuts, and flesh, either



either raw or dried in the sun, might afford him nourishment; but was it certain that no accident would deprive him of these resources?

What shall he undertake now? He was now become so accustomed to work, that he could not live without employing his time in some useful occupation. In the latter part of his life, he would often say, his reformation was principally owing to this single circumstance, that he was constrained, when in solitude, to provide for his wants himself by persevering labour; and he would add, "Constant employment is the mother of a crowd of virtues, as habitual idleness is the source of all vice."

*Rich.* He was very right; when one has nothing to do, one thinks of nothing but follies and nonsense.

*Mr. Bill.* It is even so; and, therefore, young persons are advised to accustom themselves early to employment.

*Edw.* We should apply that to ourselves.

*Mr. Bill.* Do so, my dear children, and you will never repent it. Our unfortunate Robinson turned and turned again on every side, to try what he might undertake in order to avoid idleness. At length he found an employment.

*Edw.* But how did he intend to employ himself?

*Mr. Bill.* His thoughts were employed night and day about building a little boat.

*Rich.* What use did he intend to make of it?

*Mr. Bill.* Do you ask what use? To try, by means of it, to return amongst his fellow-creatures, and to deliver himself from the solitude to which he was confined against his will, and which was become more dismal to him ever since he was deprived of fire. He had reason to think that the continent of America was not far off; and he was determined, if he had a canoe, to face every danger, and land, if possible, on this continent. Full of this idea, he hastened out one day to seek and make choice of a tree, which he might convert into a boat, by hollowing out the trunk of it. With this design he traversed several parts of the island, and remarked several plants, on which he resolved to make experiments, to find whether they would answer the purpose of food. Amongst others, he observed some stalks of maize, or Indian corn, as it is called.

*Edw.* What, that sort of corn of which you have two fine ears hanging up in the back parlour?

*Mr. Bill.* The same. He admired the largeness of the heads,

heads, or, more properly speaking, the ears, on each of which he reckoned more than two hundred large grains, resembling grains of coral. He had not the least doubt but this corn might be used for bread. But how was it to be ground? How was it to be made into food of any sort, without the help of fire? Notwithstanding all these considerations, he carried off some ears of it with him, intending to sow the grains.

A little further on he discovered a fruit tree of a species quite new to him. From this tree hung vast numbers of large husks, one of which he opened, and found in it about sixty nuts of a particular sort. Though they were not very agreeable to the taste, yet he put one or two of the ripest husks into his pouch.

*Rich.* But what fruit might that be?

*Mr. Bill.* They were cacao-nuts, of which they make chocolate.

*Edw.* Ah! now he may have chocolate for the future.

*Mr. Bill.* Not so fast. In the first place, he does not know that he has chocolate-nuts in his possession: besides, these nuts should be roasted, then bruised, and ground up with sugar, and, we all know, he was as little provided with sugar as with fire.

At length he came to another tree. The fruit of it was as large as that of the cocoa-nut tree, and of an exquisite flavour. This tree was also quite differently shaped from the cocoa-nut tree. He learned afterwards that it was the bread-tree, so called because its fruit serves the natives for bread, sometimes just as it grows, but more commonly pounded and made into a sort of dough.

He observed, that the trunk of this tree, from its great age, was already a little hollowed on one side; and immediately he thought it would answer for the boat that he had in contemplation; but then to cut down so useful a tree, while, on the other hand, it was uncertain whether he should ever be able to make a canoe of it!—this thought startled him. After weighing it in his mind, he marked the spot, that he might find it again, and went away without determining upon any thing.

In his walk he found, what he had long wished for, a parrot's nest. He went towards it without the least noise, and was stretching out his hands to clap them on the nest, when the young parrots, which were strong and well fledged, took

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to flight, and escaped from him all but one, which remained his prisoner. He hastened, therefore, home to his habitation, more pleased than if he had found a treasure.

*Edw.* But what great advantage did he expect from a parrot?

*Mr. Bill.* He hoped to teach him to pronounce some words, that he might have the satisfaction of hearing a voice which imitated that of man. As to us who live in society, who enjoy the happiness of seeing men every day, and hearing them, and conversing with them, we, perhaps, may look upon it as a very trifling and childish satisfaction which Robinson promised to himself from hearing the parrot's chatter; but if we place ourselves in the same circumstances with him, we shall easily be sensible, that what to us, in our present condition, appears but a shadow of pleasure, must afford substantial satisfaction to poor Robinson in his state of solitude.

When he came home, he made a cage in which he lodged his new guest, and went to rest with a mind as happy as that of a man who had gained a new friend.

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THIRTEENTH EVENING.

*MR. Bill.* I have assembled you this evening sooner than usual, because, my dears, I intend to hold a consultation with you before I go on with the story.

*The Children.* Well, papa, we are now all in our places. What is to be the subject?

*Mr. Bill.* It is a question which has disturbed Robinson's mind all night, and has not suffered him to close his eyes a moment.

*The Children.* What could it be?

*Mr. Bill.* It is this. Shall he cut down the bread-tree which he saw the day before, or leave it standing as it is, uncertain whether he should ever be able to make a boat of it?

*Rich.* I should be far from meddling with it.

*Edw.* For my part, I would cut it down.

*Mr. Bill.*

*Mr. Bill.* Here are two opposite votes, one for cutting down, the other for preserving the tree. Let us hear those who have not spoken yet on the subject.

*Geo.* I am of the same way of thinking with Richard.

*Charlotte.* And so am I, papa; we must let the tree stand.

*Henry.* No; it must be cut down; the unfortunate Robinson must have a canoe.

*Harriet.* Indeed I think so too.

*Mr. Bill.* The voices are divided, and equal on both sides. Richard shall speak first, and tell us why he is for saving the tree.

*Rich.* Because it bears a valuable fruit, and the species is rare upon the island.

*Edw.* It is but an old tree; the advantage of gathering fruit from it will not last long.

*Rich.* How can you tell that? How many trees do we see, the trunks of which, though hollow, do not hinder them from bearing fruit for many years?

*Harriet.* Let Robinson only graft a few slips of this tree, he will be sure to preserve the species.

*Henry.* And is it not better to have a canoe, and return to the society of men, than to stay in his island, though he were to feed ever so plentifully upon the bread made of the fruit of this tree?

*Rich.* Why, ay, if the canoe could be finished so very soon. But how is he to cut down this tree? How is he to hollow it out?

*Edw.* Let him work with perseverance.

*Geo.* But he has no sail.

*Harriet.* He may use oars.

*Charlotte.* A pretty notion indeed! Do not you remember, when we were in a boat, near Putney, and one of the watermen's oars broke, he was obliged to go ashore and borrow another, as he said we could not be rowed home with only one?

*Edw.* Oh! that was a large boat, and there were nine or ten of us in it.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear children, none of the reasons that you have mentioned on both sides had escaped Robinson's attention. He had passed the whole night in reflecting. Ever since Robinson had felt the bitter consequences of his resolution to travel, he had made it a law never to undertake any thing without first maturely reflecting upon it. Having  
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turned the question and examined it in every point of view, he found it came to no more than this: Whether it be reasonable to sacrifice a slight, but certain advantage, to a great one, but uncertain? Here he recollected the fable of a dog, which, swimming across a river with a piece of meat in his mouth, lost it by endeavouring to snatch at the reflection of it in the water. He remembered, on the other hand, the custom of husbandmen, who sacrifice grain which they might make use of, but do it with the hope of being richly repaid by a plentiful harvest.

"Yes," said he to himself, "the dog's greediness was folly; he caught at a vain shadow, which it was impossible for him to possess. But the hope of the husbandman, on the other hand, is well founded, and his conduct sensible; he has in view a real advantage, though, it is true, some accidents may hinder him from obtaining it.

"Am I not, therefore, in the situation of the farmer? With persevering labour, may I not hope to succeed, at length, in making a canoe out of this old tree? And if my first undertaking succeeds, does reason forbid me to expect that I may escape from this solitary island, and arrive, by means of my canoe, at some place inhabited by men?" This thought made a lively impression on him; so that he started up, ran to the tree, and cut into it.

If ever he undertook a long and troublesome task, it was certainly this; but we have seen already, that Robinson made it a rule never to suffer himself to be turned from his purpose; he was, therefore, unshaken in his resolution of going through with this enterprize. From the sun's rising till about noon he never ceased working, and then his hand would have covered or filled up the hole that he had made in the trunk by the thousands of strokes which he laid on it.

Being convinced that it would be a work of some years, he thought proper to divide his time, so that each part of the day might have its own work allotted to itself. Experience had taught him, that nothing helps industry so much as regularity, and a methodical distribution of the work to the different hours of the day.

Being provided with whatever was necessary to his convenience in working, he went down, if it was low water, to the sea side, where he gathered what oysters he could find for his dinner; if not, he repaired immediately to the tree  
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of which he intended to make a canoe. His lamas generally followed him, and grazed about while he was at work.

About ten o'clock the heat was generally so excessive that he was obliged to quit his work; and before noon he returned home with his flock.

He now milked his lamas a second time, and then laid out his dinner, which, being tolerably frugal, was soon done. He had not so great an appetite in this country as people have in cold climates; yet, as he was accustomed to eating meat, he longed for it, and had recourse to his scheme of drying it in the sun. At dinner time, he amused himself with his parrot.

After dinner, he commonly reposed himself, for an hour, surrounded by his lamas, and with his parrot at his side. Sometimes, he would fix his eyes upon these animals, and speak to them as if he expected them to understand what he said. So necessary did he find it to communicate his sentiments to living creatures, that he often forgot the impossibility of his being understood by the animals which surrounded him. When his parrot repeated a word distinctly, he would imagine that he heard the voice of a man. But soon recovering from this pleasing illusion, he would sigh heavily, and breathe forth this short expression of complaint, "Poor Robinson!"—About two o'clock—

*Edw.* How could he always tell what hour it was?

*Mr. Bill.* He did as husbandmen sometimes do; he observed the height of the sun, and judged from thence that it was such or such an hour nearly.—About two o'clock he returned to the tree to work at his grand design. He continued two hours each time at this laborious task, and then returned to the beach to bathe himself again, and to gather more oysters. The rest of the day he spent in working at his garden.

Much to Robinson's grief, the longest day was, in his island, but thirteen hours. In the middle of summer it was night at seven o'clock. Therefore, as night drew on, if he had no other business upon his hands, he went through his exercise.

*Rich.* What does that mean, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* It means that he exercised himself at shooting with the bow, and throwing the spear, that he might be able to defend himself if he should happen to meet with a savage or a wild beast. When night came on, he went home to milk his lamas for the third time, and took a moderate supper by the light of the moon or stars.

Lastly, he crowned the labours of the day by meditating at night upon his own conduct. Sometimes he went to sit upon the top of the hillock, from whence he could behold the starry vault of heaven and contemplate it with admiration. Sometimes, also, he took a walk upon the sea-side, to breathe the air freshened by the evening breeze. Then he would ask himself—"How have you spent the day? Having received fresh mercies, have you blessed the divine source from which they flowed? In your trouble have you put your confidence in him? In your gratifications have you forgot him? In a word, are you become really better than you were?"

Whenever to these questions his conscience could testify that the state of his soul was comfortable, he sung a hymn to the praise of the Supreme Being! When, on the contrary, he had reason to be not so well pleased with himself, the thoughts of having thus lost a day filled him with sorrow. Whenever this was the case, then close by the notch that he made every day upon the tree which served him by way of almanack, he made two notches crossing each other; and this served to put him in mind of his fault, that for the future he might be better on his guard, and not fall into the same error.

Thus, my dear children, Robinson laboured to correct himself and to become better every day. Do you also sincerely resolve to form your hearts to virtue? I advise you to follow the example that he now gives you. Like him, reserve an hour privately every evening, to give an account to yourselves in silence of the manner in which you have spent the day; and, if you find, either in your thoughts, words, or actions, any thing which your consciences dare not avow, keep a book wherein you may mark down the same, that, having before your eyes the fault of which you have once been guilty, you may ever afterwards take more care to avoid it. By thus labouring to improve yourselves every day, you will also continually encrease your own satisfaction and happiness.

My dear children, I doubt not that you will afford me every proof of your attention and docility, and this very night begin to put in practice the good advice which I have just now given you.

## FOURTEENTH EVENING.

*MR. BILL.* Yesterday I gave you the particulars of Robinson's manner of living. Three years passed away, and it was still the same. In all that time, he had scarcely cut through half the trunk of the tree, and it now seemed a matter of doubt to him whether he could cut down the tree in less than three or four years more.

In the mean time he never slackened the work. One day the thought struck him, that as long as he had lived in this island, he had thro' fear seen but a very small part of it. "Had I been less afraid," said he, "I might have discovered many things which would at present be very useful to me."

This consideration determined him to set out the very next morning by day-break in order to take a view of the whole island.

His first day's journey was remarkable for no extraordinary accident. The farther he went the plainer he could perceive that the situation of his dwelling-place was in the barrenest part of the island. In many parts he found trees, such as he had never seen before, which appeared to bear fruits capable of furnishing him with a nourishment as wholesome as it was agreeable.

Amongst these trees was one called the paper mulberry-tree, the bark of which is wrought into a fine sort of paper by the people of Japan, and makes a handsome summer stuff for the inhabitants of Otaheité. Robinson slept the first night in a tree, and at the first dawn of day he set out again.

He had not travelled far before he found himself at the Southern extremity of the island. In some places the soil was sandy. He had a mind to walk out upon a neck of land which extended pretty far into the sea, but suddenly starting back, he grew as pale as death. He looked round him all in a tremble, and then became incapable of motion.

*Rich.* What was the matter with him?

*Mr. Bill.* His eyes discovered what he never expected to find there, the tracks of men's feet imprinted in the sand.

*Edw.* What! does that frighten him?



*Mr. Bill.* I will explain to you the reason of his fright. Upon his first beholding these tracks, he did not represent to himself the men, whose steps had left the impressions he saw, as civilized, but he imagined them to be ready, if they met him, to devour him: in a word, he did not suppose that civilized Europeans had been upon the spot, but savages and cannibals; that is, men whose horrible custom it was to feed upon human flesh.

*Rich.* That idea is enough, indeed, to shock one.

*Mr. Bill.* It would have been better for Robinson, had he at this moment, preserved more coolness and presence of mind.

*Rich.* But I do not rightly understand how we can bring ourselves to this temper.

*Mr. Bill.* By fortifying our bodies with sobriety, and by preserving our minds by a steady and enlightened piety. Thus fortified, we shall be able to bear every change of fortune, and look upon danger with an eye of indifference. Be careful also to acquire and preserve to yourselves the precious treasure of a conscience free from reproach, which assures you of the protection and favour of the Most High; then, my dear children, you will feel yourselves possessed of all the strength of body and mind that you are capable of possessing. The most disagreeable events may cause you some surprise, but will not have power to shake the serenity of your minds.

Robinson, as you see, had not yet reached that degree of fortitude so necessary to his happiness and repose. This may be imputed to the life which he had led. In a state of constant tranquillity, (mark well this truth, my dear children,) man never acquires all the courage of which his mind is susceptible. Nay, too much ease sometimes serves no other purpose than to render a man vicious. We ought, therefore, to be thankful for those trials which Heaven sends us, be they ever so severe, since they are the means of strengthening our courage by experience.

You remember into what a consternation the unexpected sight of some tracks of men's feet threw the poor affrighted Robinson. He looks round to every quarter; at the noise of every leaf he feels fresh terror. In the confusion of his spirits, he knows not what to resolve on: at last, he takes to flight, like a man who is pursued; and dares not, even once, look back. But suddenly his fear is changed into horror. Ah! my dear children, prepare yourselves for the horrible consequences.

consequences of man's depraved state when totally abandoned to himself, and deprived of all education. He saw a round hole, in the middle of which was a space whereon a fire seemed to have been kindled, which presented the horrible remains of an unnatural feast, where a human body had been devoured.

*The Children.* How shocking! What, by men?

*Mr. Bill.* Can they be called men? They have only the outside of men. These were their prisoners of war, on whom they made a horrible feast, in which their savage joy manifested itself by dances and songs, or rather the howlings of gorged cannibals.

*Charlotte.* Oh! the detestable creatures!

*Mr. Bill.* Let us, my dear Charlotte, detest their atrocious manners, and not their persons. If you had received your birth amongst these savage people, you would, like them, have run about naked in the woods, without the least shame, fierce as a brute beast. Rejoice, therefore, and bless God that you belong to parents who were born and bred up in polished society, and pity the unhappy lot of those men, who, being left to themselves, still lead a savage life like that of wild beasts in the woods.

Robinson turned his eyes away from the hideous spectacle. As soon as he was a little recovered, he fled away again with so much precipitation, that his lama could scarcely keep up with him. Fear had so taken possession of Robinson's faculties, that he quite forgot his lama, and, hearing its steps close by him, as he ran, had not the least doubt but there was a cannibal behind in close pursuit of him. Filled with this notion, he fled with redoubled speed, and in order to be less encumbered in his flight, he threw away his spear, his bow, his arrows, and his hatchet. In his flight, he forgets whither he is running. Thus after he had run for near an hour, it happened that he made a circuit, which brought him back to the very spot from whence he had set out.

Here was new terror! He forgot the place; he takes it for a second proof of the horrible cruelty he was endeavouring to avoid. He, therefore, continues his flight as long as he has strength to carry him. At length, quite exhausted, he falls down without sense or motion. Here his lama, having overtaken him, lies down beside him, spent with fatigue. By mere chance it was the very spot where Robinson had thrown away his arms. Seeing his arms scattered about on the grass, he  
imagined.

imagined himself in a dream. He could not conceive by what means they were conveyed there, nor how he came there himself; so much had his fright disturbed all the faculties of his mind.

He rose now to leave the place, but his confusion being somewhat abated, he was not so imprudent as to forget his arms. He had no appetite for the remainder of the day, and he never stopped but once, at a spring to quench his thirst.

He hoped to be able to get home that same day, but found it impossible. At night-fall he was within a couple of miles of his own dwelling, at a place which he called his country seat. The year before, he had lain there several nights in the summer time, being grievously tormented with muskitoes at his old dwelling-place. His strength being quite gone, he was not able to go any farther. Worn out with fatigue, he lay down to take some repose; but scarcely was he half asleep, when a fresh subject of terror had nearly deprived him of his senses once more.

*Rich.* Poor fellow! to what alarms he is exposed!

*Edw.* What was the matter, then?

*Mr. Bill.* He heard a voice in the air, which very distinctly uttered these words, "Robinson, poor Robinson! where have you been?"

Robinson started up, not knowing what to think. He ventures to turn his eyes towards the quarter from which the voice came, and finds——what think ye?

*The Children.* Nay, we can't tell.

*Mr. Bill.* He found, that it was the voice of his own parrot, which was perched upon the branch of a tree close by.

*The Children.* Ha! ha! ha! that is droll enough.

*Mr. Bill.* No doubt the bird was tired of being left alone, and came thither to seek him.

His fright was now turned to joy at having found out the cause of the false alarm. Robinson stretches out his hand and calls "Poll!" The bird flies to him, crying, "Robinson! poor Robinson! where have you been?"

Still restless and apprehensive, Robinson scarce closed his eyes the whole night. When once the imagination receives a violent shock, to what extremities does it cause a man's thoughts to wander? Robinson thought of a thousand plans for his future security, every one more extravagant than the other. Amongst the rest he had formed the resolution of destroying all the works that he had made.

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The copse in which he now lay, and the hedge, were to be destroyed; his lamas turned loose; his dwelling-place to be all demolished. He would not have the smallest appearance remaining of any thing that might seem to be the work of man's hands.

*Rich.* For what reason?

*Mr. Bill.* That, if the savages should chance to pay a visit to this side of the island, they might not perceive that there was a man there.

Let us now leave him to his apprehensions, and while we go to rest, sheltered from the danger to which *he* thinks himself exposed, let us return thanks to the Supreme Being, that we were born in a country, where, living amongst men who are civilized, we may compose ourselves to rest without having any thing to fear from the barbarity of inhuman savages.

*The Children.* Good night, papa.

## FIFTEENTH EVENING.

**M**Y dear children, it is a good proverb which advises us *to consult our pillow* before we take any important resolution.

Scarce had the mild light of morning dispersed the shades of night, when Robinson saw things in quite a different view. What he before judged necessary, appears to him an extravagant project. In a word, he forms other plans which his judgment approves.

Robinson now saw that his fright, the day before, had been carried to an extravagant pitch. "I have been here," said he, "a long time, and no savage has ever yet come near my habitation. It is most likely that they are inhabitants of another island, from whence some of them come here now and then, to celebrate their victories by a horrible feast.

"Why should I not hope that the same Providence will

will continue to protect me against all dangers, since I have hitherto been so remarkably preserved from the greatest?" Filled with sorrow and repentance, he threw himself prostrate on the ground, to implore pardon for this new fault. Having now recovered his strength, he walked towards his cave to put in execution the new designs which he had just formed.

*Rich.* What did he propose to do?

*Bill.* The first thing that he did, was to plant, without side, at a small distance from the trees which enclosed the front space before his cave, a thick wood which might cover it at a distance, and hinder it from being seen.

With this design, he planted, one after another, near two thousand slips of that sort of willow which he had before observed to take root and grow up in so short a time. He resolved next to dig a subterraneous passage from the bottom of his cave to the other side of the hill, that, in a case of extremity, he might have a back-way to escape by. This was also a troublesome and tedious task.

In opening this subterraneous passage, he began exactly as miners do, who first dig a pit and then a gallery.

*Geo.* What sort of a gallery?

*Rich.* The miners first dig into the earth straight down, and this perpendicular opening they call a pit. When they are come to a certain depth, they begin to hollow it out horizontally; and this passage they call a gallery. Thus they go on from pits to galleries until they come to the vein or bed of metal.

*Mr. Bill.* Very well explained. Observe, that when they dig thus sideways, or horizontally, the earth which is over their heads would soon crumble down, if they did not take care, as they went on, to keep it up: this they do by means of cross planks.

Whatever earth Robinson cleared out of it, he carried close to the hedge, and took care to level it. Thus, by degrees, he raised a terrace, about ten feet high, and almost eight thick.

He seemed now sufficiently secured against a sudden attack. But, then, if the enemy should be obstinate, and block him up for some time, what are to be his resources?

He thought it, therefore, necessary to provide also against such an event, and to contrive means whereby he might avoid the necessity of surrendering for want of provisions.

visions. To prevent any such extremity, he resolved to keep constantly within the enclosure one of his lamas that gave milk, and to have, by way of reserve for the support of this animal, a small rick of hay. He was moreover resolved to lay up a stock of cheese, fruits, and oysters.

For some years there happened nothing worth relating, I hasten now to an event which had more influence on the lot of Robinson, than all that had happened to him in his island as yet.

One fine clear morning, as he was working at his canoe, he perceived a very thick smoke rising at a distance.

He hastened to the top of his little hillock to discover the true cause of the smoke. Scarcely was he arrived there, when he was struck with consternation at the sight of five or six canoes drawn up on the beach, and a score or two of savages dancing round a great fire, with the most fantastic motions and horrid cries imaginable.

He ran down the hill to put himself in a posture of defence, took his arms, implored the assistance of Heaven, and firmly resolved to defend his life to the last extremity.

Presently his indignation and horror was raised to the highest pitch, when he beheld them drag two unfortunate wretches from the canoes towards the place where the fire was. He suspected, at first sight, that they were going to dispatch them. Some of these monsters kill one of the captives, and two others fall upon him, no doubt, in order to cut him into pieces, and prepare their abominable feast. During this shocking execution, the other prisoner sat a melancholy spectator of what was doing, in the expectation of very soon receiving the same treatment in his turn. But while these barbarians were busily taken up with the butchery of his companion, he suddenly starts away, and flies with astonishing swiftness directly towards Robinson's dwelling-place.

Joy, hope, fear, and horror, alternately seized on Robinson's heart. He felt a joy mingled with hope, when he observed the prisoner to gain ground considerably on his pursuers: he was filled with fear and horror when he saw both parties coming as straight as possible towards his habitation. They were separated from it only by a small creek, which the savage, who fled, must cross to avoid falling into the enemy's hands. As soon as he came to the bank of it, he threw himself in without hesitation, and crossed

crossed it with the swiftness that he had exerted in running. Two of those who were nearest to him threw themselves in after him, and all the rest returned to their abominable feast. Robinson perceived that these two last were not such expert swimmers as he whom they pursued. He was landed before they had half crossed the creek. At this moment, Robinson was animated with a courage and zeal, such as he had never felt before. He takes his spear, and runs down from the top of the hillock, and finds himself just between the pursuers and the pursued. He cries to the latter, "Stop! stop!" but he, turning about, is terrified at the looks of Robinson dressed up in skins; he takes him for some superior being, and hesitates whether to fall at his feet or run away from him. Robinson gives him to understand, by signs, that he was his friend, and then, turning about, marches towards the enemy. When within reach of the foremost savage, he throws his spear at him, and strikes him to the ground. The other savage fixes an arrow to his bow, and discharges it at Robinson. The arrow struck him on the left breast, but luckily the skins kept it from penetrating, and it fell at Robinson's feet.

Our hero does not give his enemy time to shoot a second arrow; he rushes upon him, and lays him lifeless in the dust.

He now turns towards him whom he had protected, and sees him still on the same spot, motionless, doubting whether the action that he had just been witness to, was meant for his preservation, or whether he himself must fall, in his turn. The conqueror calls him; makes him understand, by signs, that he is to come nearer. He at first obeys, then stops, walks on a little way, stops again, advances slowly with evident marks of fear, and in the attitude of a suppliant. Robinson makes him every sign of friendship possible, and invites him to come close up to him.

He takes off his mask, and looks at him with a friendly air. At this sight the savage flies towards his deliverer, prostrates himself, kisses the ground, takes one of Robinson's feet and puts it on his neck, to signify that he was his slave. But our hero quickly held out his hand to him in a friendly manner, and endeavoured, by all the means imaginable, to convince him that he should be well used. However, there still remained something to be done.



The first savage was wounded, but not killed. Being now come to himself, he was gathering herbs and applying them to his wound to stop the blood. Robinson made the savage, who stood near him, observe this, who immediately spoke some words in return. Though Robinson did not understand them, yet they pleased his ear by their novelty, being the first sound of the human voice that he had heard for many years. The Indian, fixing his eyes alternately upon Robinson and his hatchet, pointing to it with his finger, gave him to understand that he desired this weapon to dispatch the enemy. Our hero gives his hatchet, and turns his eyes from seeing the bloody use that is going to be made of it. The Indian runs up to his adversary, strikes off his head at a blow, and returns with the cruel smile of gratified revenge; then lays at Robinson's feet the bleeding head of the savage he had killed.

Robinson made signs to him to gather up the bows and arrows of the slain, and to follow him. The Indian, in return, gave him to understand, by signs, that it would be proper to bury the two dead savages in the sand, that, if their companions should afterwards come to seek them, they might not find any remains of them.

Robinson having signified that he approved this precaution, the Indian fell to work with the assistance only of his hands, and in less than a quarter of an hour the two bodies were buried.

*Charlotte.* But, papa, was not Robinson guilty of murder?

*Henry.* Oh! those that he had killed were savages.

*Charlotte.* Yet still they were men.

*Mr. Bill.* Certainly they were men, my dear Henry; but the question is, Had Robinson a right to take away their lives?

*Rich.* I think he did very right.

*Edw.* If he had not killed them, they would have discovered his retreat, and have told all their companions of it.

*Mr. Bill.* Why that is a pretty good reason. But am I excusable in taking away another man's life that I may preserve my own?

*The Children.* Yes, certainly.

*Mr. Bill.* Why so?

*Rich.* Because it is the will of our Maker that we preserve our lives as long as it is in our power.

*Mr. Bill.* Without doubt, my dear children, provided we have no other means of saving our lives, than by depriving the unjust aggressor of his.

Remember, my dear children, to thank God that you were born in a country where the government has taken proper steps for the security of our persons as well as properties.

This is enough for to-day. To-morrow evening, I shall, perhaps, find something more to relate to you.

#### SIXTEENTH EVENING.

*MR. BILL.* Robinson's lot, my dear children, is still very uncertain. He went up along with the savage to the top of the hill behind his dwelling, being both of them exceedingly uneasy as to what might still befall them.

From the top of a hillock he took a view of the savages, who, by their extravagant dances and horrid howlings, expressed the joy that they felt after their barbarous feast. He deliberated how he should act; whether to fly, or shut himself up in his fort. In order not to be perceived, he slipped behind the bushes, crept to his ladder of ropes, made a sign to his companion to follow him and do as he did, and very soon they were both at the bottom.

The Indian, seeing the commodious arrangement of every thing in his deliverer's dwelling-place, was seized with surprise.

Robinson endeavoured by signs to make him understand what they had to fear from the savages, and that, in case they should come to attack him, he was resolved to defend himself to the last extremity. The Indian understood him, and immediately, with a resolute air, brandishes the hatchet, looks with a threatening countenance towards the enemy, and thus endeavours to assure his deliverer that he was ready to defend himself courageously. Robinson armed the Indian with



with a spear, a bow and arrows, and placed him sentinel at a kind of port-hole which he had made in his terrace.

About an hour afterwards, they heard dreadful cries at a distance, which seemed to come from many savages together. They both prepared for combat, and, by their looks, mutually encouraged each other to make the most vigorous defence. The cries ceased—presently they began again, louder and nearer—they are succeeded by a deep silence.—Not long afterwards, quite near at hand shouted a terrible hoarse voice, which was repeated by the echo of the hillock. Already our two champions were in a posture of defence; the first savage that shewed himself must infallibly have received a mortal wound. Here I stop. —————

*The Children.* But why does not papa go on with the story?

*Mr. Bill.* To furnish you with a fresh opportunity of exercising yourselves in the art of conquering your desires. If you absolutely desire it, I am ready to satisfy your curiosity. But suppose you were freely to give up the gratification of your curiosity until to-morrow? Speak; do you consent or not?

*The Children.* Yes, papa, we agree to it.—We shall be in some pain about Robinson—but never mind, to-morrow evening will make amends—Heaven preserve poor Robinson!

*Mr. Bill.* Your compliance, my dear children, fills me with joy. Amuse yourselves, for the remainder of the evening, in whatever way is most agreeable to you.

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#### SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

*MR. BILL.* We last night left Robinson and his companion on the watch. They continued on guard till it was almost night; but having perceived no enemy, nor heard any voice for some hours, it seemed very probable, that the savages had returned to their canoes, and were gone back to their own island. They laid down their arms, therefore, and Robinson brought out something for supper.

As this day, so particularly remarkable in the adventures of our hero, happened to be a Friday, he resolved to perpetuate the remembrance of it, by giving to the savage the name of Friday.

Till now, Robinson had scarce time to look at him with attention. He was a well-made young man; his complexion was swarthy, his hair black and long, not woolly like that of the negroes; his nose short, his lips small, and his teeth as white as ivory. In his ears he wore various feathers and shells, an ornament on which he seemed to lay no small value; in other respects he was naked.

Robinson, who had a proper regard for decency, would not go to supper until he had fitted a skin for his new guest. He then made signs to him to sit down beside him and eat his supper. Friday, as we shall now call him, approaches Robinson; falls down on his face before him, and places the foot of his deliverer on his own neck, as he had done before.

Robinson, whose heart could scarce contain his joy on having found at length a companion and a friend, would have been glad to express it by a thousand marks of kindness; but, not knowing the character of his new guest, he thought it prudent to receive his homage as due to him, and, in a word, to act as his sovereign for some time. He made him, therefore, understand by signs that he would take him under his protection, but on condition of perfect obedience. While he instructed him thus by signs, he pronounced the word *Cacique*. Fortunately he remembered to have once heard that the savages of South America call their chiefs and princes by that name.

By this word Friday understood what his master meant; and, to shew that he accepted the condition of obeying, he repeated the word *Cacique* several times with a loud voice, intimating that he applied it to Robinson, and fell down prostrate at his feet once more. Robinson, with the dignity of a monarch, held out his hand to him, assuring him of his protection, and ordered him again to sit down beside him and eat his supper.

Here, my dears, you may see an example of the first beginning of kingly power in the world. Men, who excelled others in wisdom, strength, and courage, were the first kings. Weak men implored the protection and help of the stronger, either to defend them from the danger of wild beasts, which  
were,

were, in early times, more numerous than at present, or to secure themselves against the injustice of violent men. In return, they promised to submit entirely to them, and to pay them every year a certain part of their fruits and flocks, that the protectors, not having to provide for their own subsistence, might be wholly at leisure to defend their subjects.

Robinson was now, therefore, in effect a king. The island was his kingdom, his lamas and his fruits were his treasure, and Friday his subject; his only one, it is true, but a valuable one. His parrot was the only courtier that he had, and almost useless in that character.

*Mr. Bill.* After supper, it pleased his majesty to give orders concerning every thing that he chose to have observed in the ceremony of going to bed. It was not prudent that Friday should so soon repose in the same chamber with his majesty. He, therefore, judged it proper that he should pass the night in the cellar. How could he resolve to trust his life, and the secret of the subterraneous passage, to a stranger?

Robinson Crusoe, king of a whole island, absolute master of the life and death of all his subjects, did not blush to descend to a servile office. He went to the lamas, and with his own kingly hands began to milk them. It was meant for the instruction of his prime minister, as he intended, for the future, to commit the care of this business to him.

Friday, with all his attention, could not understand what his master was doing; for neither he nor his stupid countrymen had ever suspected that the milk of animals might be proper food for man. He had never tasted any, and was agreeably surprised at the sweetness of it, when Robinson persuaded him to put some to his lips for a trial.

After the fatigues which they had suffered during the day, they both found themselves in want of repose. Robinson, therefore, ordered his slave to go to the place of rest which he had pointed out to him, and lay down himself, blessing Heaven for having, in one day, preserved him from so many dangers, and given him one of his fellow-creatures to be his companion, and, perhaps, his friend.



## EIGHTEENTH EVENING.

**RICHARD.** I am curious to know what Robinson will undertake now with his man Friday.

**Mr. Bill.** My dear children, you will see every day more clearly what great advantages man derives from society.

The first thing that Robinson did the next morning, was to go with Friday and examine the spot where the savages had held their abominable feast the day before. In their walk, they came to the place where the two Indians were buried, whom they had then slain. Friday pointed it out to his master, and plainly hinted that he was desirous of digging up the dead bodies and satisfying his unnatural appetite upon them. Robinson, with a look of detestation and horror, shewed him how much he disliked such an inclination, and, lifting up his spear in a threatening manner, signified to him that he would run it through his body if ever he touched them. Friday understood his master's threatening, and submitted without hesitation to his orders.

They soon arrived at the place of the feast. What a sight! The ground stained with blood! Bones scattered about! Robinson ordered Friday immediately to bury these loathsome remains of barbarous voracity.

While Friday was at work, Robinson was carefully stirring the ashes, in the hopes of finding some fire still amongst them: but to no purpose; the whole was extinguished, much to Robinson's dissatisfaction, who had now scarce any thing left to wish for, except a fire. While he looked sorrowfully upon these ashes, Friday made several signs which Robinson did not at all comprehend; then he snatches up the hatchet, darts into the wood, and leaves Robinson in the greatest astonishment possible.

Having followed him with his eyes as long as he could, "What can this mean?" said he: "Can the ungrateful fellow intend to forsake me? Or would he have the barbarity to deliver me up by stratagem to his savage countrymen?"—

Horrid

Horrid thought!—Transported with rage, he sets out in pursuit of the ungrateful traitor, when, suddenly, he perceived Friday returning. Robinson stops in a surprise; he sees, to his no small astonishment, the imaginary traitor holding a small bundle of dried grass, which first appeared to smoke, and then to be on fire. Friday throws it down, and hastily gathers round it other grass and dry branches, and kindles a bright clear fire, which fills Robinson with joy and astonishment. Not able to contain his joy, he flies, with transport, to Friday, and, in his own mind, asks him pardon for the injurious suspicions that he had entertained of him.

*Edw.* But where could Friday have found fire?

*Mr. Bill.* He had hastened into the wood on purpose to cut two dry branches. These he had rubbed together with such dexterity and dispatch, that they took fire quickly.

*Mr. Mered.* Here, again, Robinson appears to me to be very much to blame.

*Rich.* In what respect, pray?

*Mr. Mered.* That, without having any proof of Friday's treachery, he forms the blackest suspicion of him.

*Rich.* He had a right to be upon his guard against Friday.

*Mr. Mered.* I do not blame him either for thinking it possible that he was betrayed by Friday, or for running after him. This precaution was necessary, with respect to a person totally unknown to him. But what I am angry with him for, is, that he never doubted a moment the truth of his odious suspicions, and that he suffered himself to be transported with rage.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson was transported with joy to find his ill suspicions groundless, and himself once more in possession of fire, which he had so long wished for.

He instantly lights up a large fire, and places potatoes round it to roast. He next chuses out a young lama, kills it, and, having cut it up, puts a quarter of it on the spit, which he instructs Friday how to turn.

While he is thus employed, Robinson cuts off a piece from the breast of the lama, and made some broth.

He had not tasted any for eight years past. You may guess how much he longed for some.

Friday looked on while all these preparations were making, but did not understand to what purpose they were made.

He

He knew not the effect which fire would produce on a vessel full of water. The pot began to boil just as Robinson went into the cave upon some occasion or other. Friday had no idea what could thus put the water in motion. But when he saw it bubble up and boil over the sides, he imagined, in the simplicity of his heart, that there must be some living creature at the bottom of the pot, and, therefore, lest it should boil away entirely, he put his hand in to seize the creature, whatever it was; but, instead of finding that, he felt something which made him roar loud enough to shake the whole hillock.

Robinson was startled, on hearing him cry out. His first notion was that the savages had surprised them. The natural instinct of self-preservation urged him to escape, and save his life by the secret passage under ground; but he quickly rejected this idea, considering how base it would be thus to abandon his subject, or rather friend. Without hesitating, therefore, he firmly resolved to shed the last drop of his blood, if necessary, in rescuing Friday from the hands of his barbarous enemies.

*Mr. Mored.* Now I like you, my friend Robinson.

*Mr. Bill.* He springs out, with his spear in his hand; but, to his utter astonishment, finds Friday all alone, crying, and making a thousand wry faces. Robinson at length found that all this outcry was occasioned by poor Friday's scalding his hand.

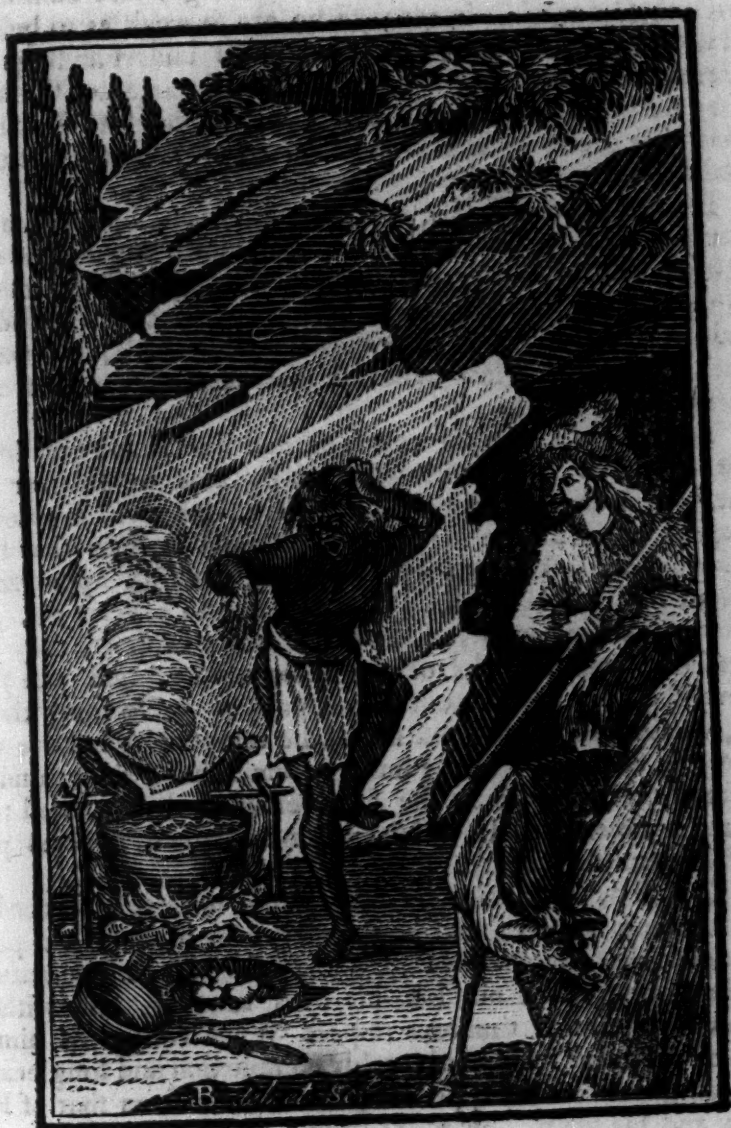
Robinson had no small difficulty in quieting him. But that you may know why Friday had made such a noise, I must first inform you what notions ignorant people, in some countries, commonly entertain when an accident happens to them of which they know not the reason.

For instance, in some places, if an ignorant countryman has either of his cattle fallen suddenly ill, and cannot guess its disorder, he, perhaps, will be weak enough to think that some old person in the neighbourhood has bewitched the beast; that is, made it fall sick by means of an evil spirit.

*Charlotte.* Yes, papa; just so Nanny, our dairy-maid, said the other day, when one of the cows went dry all of a sudden.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear Charlotte, you should try to convince the poor girl of her error.

If, on the one hand, ignorant people give credit to these silly notions, there are not wanting, on the other, impostors who  
turn



turn such credulity to their own advantage, and cunningly trick those out of their money who are so weak as to believe in witchcraft. In proportion as men's understandings are narrowed by prejudice and darkened by ignorance, the more they are inclined to superstition : you may imagine, therefore, that it is pretty generally received amongst savage nations ; and this was exactly Friday's case.

He had never heard it said, nor discovered by his own experience, that water could be made to boil ; nor had he ever felt the effect of it in that state, by putting his hand into it ; so that he could not conceive whence that acute and sudden pain proceeded, which he felt on touching the boiling water, and, therefore, firmly believed that Robinson was a conjurer.

You will often, in the course of your lives, have occasion to see effects of which you will not be able to discover the causes. You will meet with jugglers, who will frequently surprise you with the ingenious tricks and devices that they shew. For instance, they will change, to all appearance, a bird into a mouse ; they will cut a bird's head off, and afterwards shew it to you alive and well ; in short, they will perform several tricks of the same nature, and you shall never be able to find out the manner of performing them. If, on such occasions, you should be tempted to believe that there is witchcraft in the matter, remember Friday, and be assured that you are in the same error with him, and take that for supernatural, which, when explained, appears perfectly natural and easy.

Robinson, as I told you before, did not easily succeed in comforting Friday, and persuading him to take his place again at the spit. He took his new monarch for a supernatural being, and could not lift his eyes towards him without shewing the most timorous respect. What confirmed him in his opinion was Robinson's ruddy complexion and long beard, which gave him an appearance so different from that of Friday and his tawny, beardless countrymen.

*Edw.* Have the savages of South America no beard ?

*Mr. Bill.* No ; they pluck it up as it grows.

But the broth, and the roast meat, were now ready. As they had no spoons, Robinson poured out the broth in two pipkins, but nothing could induce Friday so much as to taste it ; he had not the least doubt of its being an enchanted

chanted liquor ; but he helped himself to the roast meat and potatoes, which made him amends.

You may easily imagine how delicious these nourishing victuals, drest properly on the fire, must seem to Robinson. Thus Providence, by a flow of unexpected happiness, cures those wounds which have been made in our hearts, and which, though intended for our good, the sense of present pain makes us ever regard as the most incurable evils.

The meal being finished, Robinson retired to meditate seriously on the happy change of his situation. He was no longer solitary ; he had a companion, with whom, it is true, he was not able to converse as yet ; but the very company of this man promised to afford him the most valuable assistance. Besides, being no longer deprived of fire, he might enjoy as wholesome and agreeable victuals as he could wish. "What is there to hinder you now," said he, "from living contented and happy ? Enjoy in peace the many benefits which you have received from Heaven." Here an idea occurred to him which totally changed the complexion of his thoughts.

"But," said he to himself, "what if you were very soon to see an end of all this prosperity ? If Friday were to die ? If your fire were to go out again ?

"And if, moreover, by being accustomed to an inactive life, you were to render yourself incapable of supporting a laborious way of living, such as you have already experienced ?

"To what, then, are you principally indebted for getting rid of the many faults and weaknesses which once disgraced you ? Is it not to the sober and laborious life which circumstances forced you to pursue ? And now, by indulging yourself in sensuality and idleness, you would run the risk of losing that health and strength of body and mind which temperance and exercise have procured you. Heaven forbid !"

—With these words, he rose hastily, and walked about in a thoughtful mood before the mouth of his cave. This led him to take a resolution as prudent as it was unalterable.

"I will," said he, "partake of the gifts of Heaven, but always with the greatest temperance. The most simple victuals shall be my favourite food. I will persevere in my labours with the same assiduity, though they will no longer be so necessary to me as formerly. One day in each week I will live on the same cold victuals with which I have hitherto subsisted myself." Having formed these resolutions of self-denial, he felt the pleasing and pure satisfaction which

ever accompanies the efforts that we make to attain a higher degree of perfection. He foresaw the happy consequences of these voluntary sacrifices. But he was sufficiently acquainted with the inconstancy of the human heart, not to be on his guard against the fickleness of his own. He thought it best to make some visible mark which might make him recollect his laudable resolutions every day. For this purpose, he engraved, with his hatchet, in the rock over the entrance of his cave, these words—*Labour and Temperance*.

My dear children, I give you until to-morrow to reflect upon these instructive particulars.

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#### NINETEENTH EVENING.

**R**OBINSON had never been in so happy a situation since his arrival on the island as he was now. The only thing that remained to trouble him, was his apprehension lest the savages should return to seek for their two countrymen.

Things being, therefore, in this situation, it was incumbent on him to put himself into a state of defence. He had long been desirous of fortifying his habitation still more; but, while he was alone, the execution of this design appeared impossible. Now, with the assistance of a companion, he thought himself capable of undertaking it. He resolved, therefore, on the outside of the barricade of trees which enclosed his habitation, to dig a broad deep trench, the inner bank of which should be defended with a strong row of paling.

He, moreover, conceived the design of dividing the neighbouring rivulet into two branches, that, in case of a siege, he might not be in want of water.

Friday comprehended, by signs, the whole of this plan; and they both fell to work immediately.

I dare say you can easily imagine that this was no slight undertaking. The trench, to be of any use, must be, at least,

least, six feet deep and eight broad; the length might be about fourscore or one hundred yards.

To execute such an undertaking as this without any instrument of iron—no pickaxe—no shovel—think what a difficulty it must be.

All these obstacles did not discourage our friend Robinson, who had taken a resolution that was not to be shaken. By leading a life of temperance and continual labour, he was master of a degree of courage which is not possessed by men brought up in idleness, used to delicate living, and enervated by effeminacy. *With God's help, and with perseverance*, was his motto, in beginning a work of labour and time.

Friday and he worked every day from sunrise to sunset; so that they advanced the work surprisingly. Fortunately, during two whole months the savages never appeared; a contrary wind hindered them from coming over to Robinson's island.

Robinson, who was earnestly desirous of being able to converse with Friday, took the opportunity to teach him a few words of English every day; and Friday was so attentive, that in a short time he made a considerable progress. Robinson took the most natural and easy way to communicate the language to him: whenever it could conveniently be done, he placed the object before his eyes, and then pronounced the name of it distinctly; but when it was necessary to communicate the names of things which could not be made perceptible in this manner, Robinson accompanied the name with gestures and signs so expressive that Friday could not possibly misunderstand. And, by these means, in less than six months he was able to explain himself tolerably well in English.

Hitherto Friday had been no better than a dumb man to him; now they are able to communicate their thoughts to each other as friends.

The more he knew Friday the more he liked him. The young man was good-natured, and had the greatest affection possible for his master: so that Robinson made him take share of his cave, that they might pass the nights together.

In less than two months they finished the trench, and looked upon themselves, therefore, as sufficiently guarded against all danger.

Robinson and Friday, being one day near the sea-side upon  
K 3 a rising

a rising ground, perceived, at a distance, some islands which appeared like small clouds. Friday fixed his eyes attentively on that quarter. All of a sudden he starts up, falls a dancing, and throws himself into so many extravagant attitudes, that Robinson thought he was seized with a sudden frenzy. "Yonder is my country!" said he, almost breathless with joy; "that is where my people live!" His countenance expressed the love which he bore his country, and his desire to see it once more. Robinson was not at all pleased with this disposition of Friday's: and, therefore, began the following conversation, which will shew you the excellent disposition of Friday.

*Robinson.* Would you be glad, then, to return to your countrymen, and live amongst them?

*Friday.* Oh, yes; I should be very glad to see them again.

*Rob.* Perhaps you long to eat man's flesh with them again?

*Frid.* No, certainly. I would teach them not to be savages, but to live on milk and the flesh of animals.

*Rob.* But, perhaps, they would eat yourself?

*Frid.* No, they will never do so.

*Rob.* And yet they have devoured many men, and will many more still.

*Frid.* Ay, but only their enemies.

*Rob.* Could you make a canoe that would carry you to them?

*Frid.* Yes, certainly.

*Rob.* Well, then, make one, and set out when you please—How! you look down! What is the matter with you?

*Frid.* Because my dear master is angry with me.

*Rob.* Angry! What makes you think so?

*Frid.* Because he wants to send me away.

*Rob.* Well, but did not you wish just now to be in your own country?

*Frid.* Yes; but if my master does not go there, I will not go—no—no more.

*Rob.* Your people would take me for an enemy and eat me, so that you must go by yourself—But, what is the meaning of this? Why do you draw the hatchet from my side, and put it into my hand? Why do you lay down your head, and stretch out your neck? What would you have me do?

*Frid.*

*Frid.* Kill me : I would rather die than be sent away from you.

Saying these words he shed a flood of tears.

Robinson was melted with tenderness, and embraced him. Be comforted, my dear Friday ; I love you too well to wish a separation from you. These tears of joy and affection which you see me shed, are pledges of my sincerity.

To dissipate the sorrowful ideas that he had excited in Friday's mind, he spoke to him again of a canoe, and asked him several questions upon that subject. Being satisfied with his answers, he led him to see the canoe that he had begun some years ago. Friday, on examining it, laughed heartily to find the work so little advanced for the time. Robinson asked him what fault he found in the work. Friday answered, that a tree like this could be hollowed in a few days with fire, and that much better than by any other means whatsoever. At these words Robinson was transported with joy: he fancied the canoe already finished; he fancied himself already landed on the continent, and conversing with Europeans; and resolved that the work should be begun the very next morning by break of day.

*Geo.* Ah ! then, our amusement will soon be at an end.

*Mr. Bill.* How-so ?

*Geo.* When he has a boat, and comes home, papa will have nothing more to tell us about Robinson.

*Mr. Bill.* And would you not give up that amusement for Robinson's sake ? Besides, who knows what may happen ? Whether he may not be obliged to put off the working at the canoe, or his own departure ? The future is very uncertain ; and we often see our best founded hopes disappointed, and it is the part of wisdom to expect and be prepared for these vicissitudes.

Robinson, who had experienced them several times already, returned home, perfectly resigned to whatever a good and wise Providence should order with respect to the accomplishment of his wish, being persuaded that his heavenly Father knew better than he what was for his real interest ; and such, I hope, would be our way of thinking in similar circumstances.



## TWENTIETH EVENING.

**MR. BILL.** My dear children, I mentioned to you last night, that, in the affairs of life, the best founded hopes frequently vanish and end in disappointment. But I have something farther to propose to you. It is an exercise of the greatest utility, and, with your consent, I will mention it.

*The Children.* Oh, yes, papa! yes, papa!

**Mr. Bill.** If, then, you desire in the future part of your lives to labour in strengthening your bodies, and exalting the powers of your minds, that you may be capable of contributing to the happiness of your fellow-creatures, and thereby enhance your own, I offer to you, for that purpose, the following plan.

I will, on my side, read to you, for your instruction, the writings of the ancient philosophers. These writings contain the precepts which such philosophers gave to their scholars, and by the observance of which their scholars became great men. Every week I will write down one of these precepts, and shew you how you may acquire the practice of it. Yet, you must not expect that this can be done without sometimes costing you a sacrifice; you must, at one time, resolve to deprive yourselves of a favourite amusement; at another, to bear with things very disagreeable. What say you, my dear children, to this proposal?

*The Children.* We agree to it; we agree to it.

**Mr. Bill.** Very well, then we shall begin the first convenient day. It is now time to return to Robinson. What I hinted to you yesterday merely as possible, did, however, happen in reality.

*The Children.* What was that, papa?

**Mr. Bill.** I said, that, whatever reason Robinson might have to hope for a probable and speedy departure from his island, there might, nevertheless, happen some unforeseen obstacle which would cause him to remain on it longer. This obstacle appeared the very next day.

On

On that day the rains began, and set in with great violence. During this rainy season, which generally lasted a month or two, it was impossible to do any work in the open air. He had also experienced, that nothing was more prejudicial to the health than to get wet during this season. What was he to do now? He found it absolutely necessary to have some employment without going out of his cave.

What a happiness for Robinson, during these wet days, to have fire and light, besides the company of a friend, with whom he might fill up the wearisome hours with agreeable employment! Formerly, he used to pass these dull evenings in the dark; whereas, now, sitting with Friday and cheered with the light of a lamp, he is not afraid of time hanging heavy upon his hands.

He learned from Friday all the methods which the savages have for procuring themselves any conveniency, and Robinson, in his turn, taught him a thousand things of which savages have not the least idea. They succeeded in making several small pieces of work which would have been impossible to either of them singly.

Of the bark of trees Friday could make mats of a texture sufficiently fine and firm at the same time to make a sort of stuff proper for cloathing. Robinson, having learned the manner of this work, made, in conjunction with Friday, a stock sufficient for cloathing them both.

Friday had also the art of making cordage out of the stringy covering of the cocoa-nut and the bark of plants resembling flax; and this cordage was far superior to any that Robinson could make. He had, also, a particular method of making nets with thread.

During these sedentary employments, Robinson took pains to clear up the darkness of his understanding. You will easily judge how great was Friday's ignorance upon the article of religion, from the following dialogue between Robinson and him.

*Robinson.* Tell me, Friday, do you know who made the sea, the land, yourself, and all living creatures?

*Friday.* Oh, yes, very well. *Toupan* made every thing.

*Rob.* Who is *Toupan*?

*Frid.* He that makes the thunder.

*Rob.* Well, then, who is he that makes the thunder?

*Frid.* It is a very, very old man, that lived before any thing else in the world, and he makes the thunder. He is older

older than the sun, moon, or stars; and all the creatures in the world say O to him (that is, according to Friday's meaning, worship him).

*Rob.* Where do your countrymen go when they die?

*Frid.* They go to *Toupan*.

*Rob.* And where is *Toupan*?

*Frid.* He lives upon the high mountains.

*Rob.* Has any man ever seen him upon these high mountains?

*Frid.* None but the *Owokakeys* (that is, the priests) are allowed to go up to him.

*Rob.* Do those enjoy any happiness who go to him after they die?

*Frid.* Oh, certainly, if they have killed and eaten a great many of their enemies.

Robinson from that moment laboured to give his friend juster notions both of the Supreme Being and of a future state. He taught him that God alone was the great Creator of all things.

Friday heard the sublime and comforting doctrines with attention, and lodged them deeply in his memory. As the zeal of the master to instruct was equal to the scholar's desire to learn, the latter was very soon convinced of the principal truths of religion. From that moment Friday esteemed himself happy in having been transported from his own country to this island; nor did the reflection escape him, that the intentions of Providence towards him were favourable to a great degree.

Ever afterwards Robinson accustomed himself to pray in Friday's presence; and it would have been an affecting sight to see with what devotion the poor Indian repeated the words of his master's prayers.

The rainy season passed away without appearing heavy to them. The sky now cleared up, the stormy clouds were dispersed; Robinson and his companion once more felt their spirits enlivened afresh: they now, therefore, joyfully set about the important work which they had designed before the rains came on.

Friday hollowed the trunk of the tree by means of fire. This method was so expeditious, that Robinson could not help blaming his own stupidity for never having thought of it. But he satisfied himself by saying, "Yet, if I had thought of it, I could not have made use of it, as I had no fire."

The



The boat was entirely completed, with the assistance of Friday, in two months. Nothing was wanting now but a sail and oars.

*Rich.* Ay! how could he make a sail? He should have cloth for that.

*Mr. Bill.* He certainly did not know how to make cloth; nor had he a loom; but he could make mats of the bark of trees, and this matting the savages use for sails.

Robinson finished the oars, and Friday the sail. But now, though the canoe was finished, it was still to be launched.

*Henry.* What is that, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* Were not you with your uncle once to see a ship launched at Deptford?

*Henry.* Oh! yes; I remember.

*Mr. Bill.* Unfortunately, the place where they had made the boat was more than half a mile from the sea-side. Here they were at a full stop.

*Edw.* Why, Robinson need only have made a couple of levers, like that with which he rolled two great pieces of rock out of his cave when he was all alone.

*Mr. Bill.* He had not forgot the use that might be made of so simple an instrument; in fact, he had recourse to it upon this occasion; but the method was so tedious, that Robinson expected to be a month before he should convey the canoe to the sea-side. Fortunately, he thought of another method.

Robinson no sooner made trial of this method, but he was highly pleased to see with what dispatch the boat could be moved along, and in two days time it was launched in the sea. His joy was doubled when he saw that it sailed with the greatest steadiness.

It only remained now to make preparations for their departure. But where were they to go? Friday's wishes were to return to his native island; Robinson, for his part, would have been glad to land on any civilized continent. Friday's island was only a few miles off; he, however, knew nothing of the sea thereabouts, but barely to sail towards his own island, and was quite unacquainted with the passage to the continent, and Robinson knew it no better, having never sailed upon these seas.

At length Robinson's uncertainty gave place to a desire of seeking to land on some civilized country. In spite of all Friday's objections it was determined that they should de-

part the next morning, and set sail, with the first favourable wind, for that quarter where Friday expected the nearest part of the continent lay.

It is time for us now to make our preparations for rest.

## TWENTY-FIRST EVENING.

**MR. Bill.** Robinson and Friday have now put all their provisions on board the canoe, and the wind is favourable; so that, my dear children, you have now to bid them farewell, perhaps, for ever.

*The Children.* Oh! how sorry we are that they are going away!

**Mr. Bill.** Men cannot flatter themselves that they shall always live with those who are most dear to them. It is, therefore, wise to prepare one's self for such partings, which are at times indispensable.

Robinson, on coming out of his cave for the last time, indulged meditation, and suffered his companion to go on before him. He shed tears of joy, and, lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven, he thus addressed the Almighty with the most fervent devotion:

"Vouchsafe to accompany me, and grant me thy invisible, but effectual safeguard! Watch over my immortal soul, and strengthen it in the trials to which it may be exposed! Preserve my heart from weakness, impatience, and ingratitude towards thee! Oh, heavenly and eternal object of my soul's love, my Creator, my Preserver, my all, my God!"

Here the power of utterance yielded in Robinson to the force of his feelings. Encouraged, however, at length, he cast his eyes once more upon the country which he was going to leave, and which seemed, on that account, to become more dear to him. Like a man who is quitting his native land without hopes of ever seeing it again, his eyes wandered still with affection over every tree which had once  
afforded

afforded him an agreeable shade, and over every one of those works which owed their being to the sweat of his brow. All these objects seemed like so many friends from whom he was going to be separated.

With his arms stretched out towards the country, "Farewell," cried he, "ye witnesses of my sufferings; for the last time farewell!" Lifting his eyes to Heaven, he went on towards the sea side. As he went along, he perceived his faithful Poll, which, on being called, comes flying to him as swift as an arrow, and rests upon his shoulder. Robinson now overtook Friday, and they both went aboard.

It was the 30th of November, at eight o'clock in the morning, the ninth year of Robinson's stay upon this desert island, that they set sail, with clear weather and a fresh and favourable breeze. They had hardly got a few miles out to sea before they met with a reef of rocks.

*Harriet.* Oh! dear, let us know first what a reef of rocks is.

*Mr. Bill.* Seamen give this name to a number of rocks joined together, and either entirely covered with water, or, in some places, rising above it. This chain of rocks reached from a promontory of the island more than four leagues out into the sea; they therefore tacked in order to get clear of the reef.

*Edw.* But if the water covered this reef, how could they know how far it reached into the sea?

*Mr. Bill.* They could judge of that by the waves which they saw break over it; for in places where there are hidden rocks, the waves rise higher, and appear whiter with foam.

Scarce had they gained the outmost point of the reef, when their canoe was carried away with as much rapidity as if they went before a strong gale of wind. They made haste to furl their sail. But this was in vain; for the canoe was carried over the billows no less rapidly than before; and from thence they concluded that they were in the middle of a strong current, which forced them along.

It is very dangerous for small boats to fall into these currents, because they find it difficult to get out of them again; so that they are frequently carried out of their course.

*Rich.* Ah! poor Robinson, what is to become of you now?

*Harriet.* Why did he not stay in his island? I thought something would happen to him.

showed him an agreeable trade, and over every one of those  
 work which owed their being up the want of his arms.  
 All these objects seemed like a many more, than a man



*Mr. Bill.* In undertaking this voyage, he cannot be accused of rashness. He was moved to it by reasons of the greatest prudence.

They tried, in vain, to force themselves out of the current by rowing: an irresistible power carried them along; and they had now lost sight of the coast of their island. In less than half an hour they would lose sight of the tops of the highest hills upon the island, and unhappily they had no compass to direct their course; so that they could not recover the island, if once they lost sight of it.

Friday, whose piety was not so firmly established as that of his master, was in the height of despair. Unable to work, and absolutely bereft of all courage, he rests his oar, looks at his master, and asks him whether they shall plunge themselves into the sea, to prevent at once, by a speedy death, the cruel terrors of that lingering one which seemed inevitably to await them. Robinson mildly reproached him for not putting his trust in the wisdom of Providence, which disposes of every thing for the best; and briefly reminded him of all that he had already taught him upon this subject.

Friday was sensibly affected with the truth of these observations, and blushed for his own weakness. He immediately took up his oar again, and they both continued to row. Robinson said, "We are but doing our duty; for while we have a spark of life remaining, we are bound to do every thing in our power to save it. If we fail, we die with the assurance that such is the will of the Supreme Being; and his will, my dear friend," added he, "is ever wise, even when we cannot interpret it."

The rapidity of the current continued still the same: they could now see no more of the island than the tops of the hills.

But when all human assistance fails, then, my dear children, comes in aid the powerful hand of Him who governs all things. This appeared in the present critical moment. Robinson had lost all hope of avoiding a speedy death; but, in a moment, he observed that the water did not appear so muddy as before; and he farther remarked that the current parted into two unequal branches, the largest of which ran violently towards the North, while the other, less rapid, turned short to the South; and in this latter the canoe happened to take its course.

Transported with joy, he addresses himself to his companion, "Courage, Friday! It is the will of Heaven that we shall be preserved!" Re-animated with the unexpected hope of escaping from death, they exerted their last efforts to get out of the current, and their labour was not ineffectual. Robinson, who was accustomed to let nothing slip his attention, unfurled the sail, which helped, together with their exertions in rowing, to carry them very soon out of the current into a smooth sea. Nevertheless, there remained much to be done. In fact, they had been carried out to sea so far, that they could barely perceive their island, like a very small cloud, in the farthest extremity of the horizon.

*Henry.* Horizon? What is that?

*Mr. Bill.* When you are in an open country, does not the sky seem to touch the ground which way soever you turn?

*Henry.* Yes, it does.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, then, the circle which thus bounds our view on all sides is called the horizon. You will soon learn more about this.

Our two sailors rowed with so much perseverance, that they very soon began to see the mountains again. "Come, my friend," said Robinson, "come, Friday, we are near the end of our toil." He had scarce finished these words before the canoe received so violent a shock, that the two rowers were thrown from their seats, and the boat, which now stuck fast, was soon covered with waves that broke over it.

*Mrs. Bill.* Well, my dear children, supper is ready in the next room. Nanny has been twice to tell me so.

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## TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

*SEVERAL of the Children at once.* Well, papa, let us know quick what is become of poor Robinson.

Robinson made haste to feel all round the canoe with his oar, and finding no more than about two feet depth of water, and a tolerably hard bottom, he jumped into the sea.

Friday



Friday did the same, and they both recovered their spirits, on finding that the canoe had not struck upon a rock, but upon a bank of sand. They united their strength to free the boat from the sand, and happily got her afloat.

*Harriet.* But poor Robinson has wetted his feet.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear, when a man has strengthened his constitution by a laborious life, he does not so easily catch cold.

*Rick.* We ourselves do not so easily catch cold as formerly.

*Mr. Bill.* A proof that your manner of living has already strengthened you a little.

After they had emptied the boat of the water that was in it, they resolved to use only their oars without a sail. They rowed, therefore, to clear the sand bank, in hopes of soon coming to its end. Robinson remarked that it reached to the very spot where he was shipwrecked nine years before, and, indeed, that this bank was really the same upon which the ship had struck.

*Henry.* Struck, how?

*Rick.* Oh! you are always interrupting.

*Mr. Bill.* He does right in wishing to be informed. A ship strikes, Henry, when it comes full against a sand bank, or a rock, from which it cannot disengage itself.

*Henry.* Thank you, papa.

*Mr. Bill.* At length, as they were come into a part of the sea that was open and navigable, they rowed with all their strength to arrive at the island, which they now saw pretty near them. They came up to it just as the sun was setting, and landed, quite spent with fatigue.

They had neither of them taken any food the whole day; therefore they sat down upon the beach, and ate heartily of the provisions that they had put into the boat. When their meal was ended, they drew up the boat into a creek. You know, I suppose, what that is?

*Rick.* Oh, yes: it is a small opening somewhat resembling the shape of a bay or gulf.

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, but with this difference, that a bay is much larger, and a gulf still more so.—They drew up their canoe in a creek, and set out for their habitation, carrying back every thing that they had before put aboard the boat.

*Edw.* Come, the story is not quite finished yet.

*Mr.*

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson and Friday are gone to bed. We might very well do the same, but as it is not late, I will tell you what happened the next day.

Robinson, at breakfast time, spoke to his companion thus: "Well, Friday, do you find yourself disposed to make a second attempt like that which we made yesterday?"

*Frid.* Heaven forbid!

*Rob.* Then you will spend your days with me here?

*Frid.* Ah! if my father was with us!

*Rob.* Then your father is still alive?

Here Friday shed a flood of tears. Nor could Robinson contain his, when he thought of his parents. Lost in the tender recollection of former scenes, they both maintained a long silence.

*Rob.* Be comforted, Friday; your father is probably still alive. We will go and bring him hither.

This was joyful news for Friday; he falls at Robinson's feet, but, in the fulness of his heart, he is not able to utter a word.

*Mr. Bill.* Ah, my dear children, what an admirable pattern is this of filial love in a savage, who has received no instruction from his father; who is indebted to him for nothing but life, and even that a life which is really miserable.

When the transports of Friday's joy were a little calmed, Robinson asked him if he knew the passage over to his father's island so well as to be certain, that, if they undertook it, they should not be exposed to dangers like those which they had experienced the day before. Friday assured him that he had failed it several times with his countrymen, when they came to this island to feast after their victories.

*Rob.* Then you were amongst them when they killed men and ate them?

*Frid.* Certainly.

*Rob.* And you took your share with them too?

*Frid.* Alas! I knew not that there was any harm in it.

*Rob.* On which side of the island did you generally land?

*Frid.* Always on the South side, as being nearest to our island, and also because cocoa-nuts are to be found there in plenty.

Robinson then repeated his promise to Friday that he would shortly cross over with him to his island, and endeavour to

to find his father. He made him sensible, however, that this was not to be done immediately, as the present was precisely the season for working in the garden. They, therefore, set about this work without delay, in which each strove to surpass the other in the art of digging.

Robinson was not content with providing merely for his wants; he thought of making some improvements about his habitation, and, by degrees, of ornamenting it. Such, my dear children, has ever been the natural consequence of the progress of the arts. While men were obliged to think of nothing but the means of providing for their subsistence and security, they had not the least idea of cultivating those arts which serve merely to adorn the objects that surround them, or to procure them pleasures more refined than those which they enjoy in common with other animals; but no sooner were they assured of their subsistence and safety, than they sought to unite the agreeable with the necessary, the beautiful with the useful. Hence arose, and were gradually brought to perfection, architecture, sculpture, painting, and all the other arts, known by the general denomination of *the fine arts*.

Robinson began by improving and ornamenting his garden.

He and Friday planted potatoes and sowed maize, and, as the soil had probably lain fallow since the creation of the world, whatever they sowed brought them a plentiful crop.

At times they went a fishing with the nets which Friday had made during the rainy season, and always caught more of the finny tribe than they could consume, but made a point of releasing those they thought superfluous.

After fishing they generally bathed. Robinson could not sufficiently admire Friday's cleverness in swimming and diving. He would cast himself headlong from the top of a rock into the sea, and by the time that Robinson was become uneasy about him, he would pop his head up all at once, and throw himself into a thousand different positions. On these occasions Robinson reflected with admiration upon the surprising diversity of men's faculties, capable of arriving at any perfection, if rightly exercised from their infancy.

Whatever superiority Robinson might have over Friday with respect to understanding and industry, the latter, in his turn, was possessed of much skill and dexterity to which his master had hitherto been a stranger, but which, however,

ever, were of infinite service to them. He had the art of making, out of bones, shells, stones, &c. all sorts of tools, which he used very dexterously in carving wood. For instance, having found a long bone, he made a chisel of it; of a branch of coral he made a rasp; a knife he made out of a shell, and a file of a fish's skin.

Friday, also, informed him of the use of the chocolate-nuts, which having formerly found in one of his excursions, he had brought home a small stock of them for trial.

Robinson, who was fond of making experiments, boiled them with milk. What an agreeable surprise! The moment he tasted it he knew it to be chocolate.

*Henry.* Ay!

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, like our chocolate in every respect, but that he had no sugar with it.

From this time they began to undertake longer and more frequent excursions all over the island, particularly when they observed that the wind was unfavourable for the savages to come over.

When their work in the garden was finished, they fixed upon a day to go in quest of Friday's father; but the nearer the time approached, the more Robinson's anxiety encreased. "What if these savages should pay no regard to any thing that Friday could say? In short, what if I should fall a prey to their monstrous appetites?" He could not help communicating all his apprehensions to his friend. Friday protested to him that he knew his countrymen well enough to assure him that they were incapable of using those ill who were not their enemies. Robinson, therefore, depended upon Friday's good faith, and resolved to set sail the very next day.

With this intention they again floated their canoe. The same evening they prepared provisions, intending to lay in a stock for at least eight days. Friday shewed upon this occasion that he was not ignorant in the art of cookery. As they had just killed a young lama, he proposed to his master a method of roasting it whole in less time than they could on the spit, and he engaged that its flesh should eat more tender and juicy when dressed after this manner. He went to work thus:

He dug a hole in the ground about two feet deep; this he filled with several layers alternately of dry wood and  
flat

flat stones. Here he made the fire, over which he held the lama, to singe it, or burn its hair entirely off: he then scraped it with a shell, and made it as clean as if it had been scalded in boiling water. With the same shell he cut it open, and then took out the bowels. In the mean time the wood was burnt to charcoal, the hole was completely heated, and the stones red hot. He took out the wood and the stones as fast as possible, only leaving as many of the latter as were sufficient to cover the bottom of the hole. On these stones he spread a layer of leaves of the coconut-tree, and on these leaves placed the lama, which he covered again with other leaves; and, lastly, over these he laid what remained of the hot stones. The whole was covered with earth.

When they took up the lama after it had lain there some hours, Robinson found that the meat of it was more tender, more juicy, and more savoury, than if it had been roasted on the spit.

*Rich.* It is exactly the same way that the people of Otaheité bake their dogs.

*Mr. Bill.* Very true.

*Géo.* Their dogs! Do they eat their dogs?

*Rich.* Certainly. We read of them last winter. Captain Cook's people tasted some of the flesh of their dogs dressed in this manner, and found it excellent.

*Harriet.* Excellent indeed!

*Mr. Bill.* You know, I suppose, that these dogs do not feed as ours; they do not eat flesh, but fruits; so that the meat of them may taste quite different from the flesh of our dogs.

Well, children, all the preparations for the voyage are made. Let our two voyagers rest for this night, and tomorrow evening we shall see what may have happened to them.

## TWENTY-THIRD EVENING.

ROBINSON and Friday might have been asleep about half an hour, when the former was suddenly awakened by a violent storm. The roaring of the wind was dreadful, and the earth shook with repeated claps of thunder. "Do you hear this?" said Robinson to Friday, awaking him. "Heavens!" replied he, "what would have become of us if we had been surprised at sea in such weather?" Just at that moment they heard the report of a gun at a great distance.

Friday thought it was thunder; Robinson was firmly persuaded that a gun had been fired, and this belief filled him with joy.

He, therefore, made haste to kindle a fire upon the top of the hillock, to signify to the people at sea in distress that they would find a safe refuge upon that island; for he had not the least doubt that there was some ship in distress near at hand, and that the report of the gun which he had heard was a signal of their danger. But scarce had the fire begun to blaze up before there came such a shower of rain as put it out in a moment. Robinson and Friday were obliged to hasten to the cave, for fear of being carried away by the water, which ran in floods. Robinson thought he could distinguish some reports of cannon, yet he doubted whether they might not be the bursting of thunder at a distance. However, notwithstanding his doubts, he indulged himself with the flattering thought that there might be a ship near at hand, the captain of which might take him and his faithful Friday on board, and carry them to Europe.

It was day-break before the storm ceased. As soon as it was clear, Robinson went to the sea-side to ascertain whether his conjectures were well or ill founded. The wind had driven their boat out to sea. It would have melted any one with compassion to be witness of Friday's excessive grief, when he saw himself disappointed in the pleasing hope of soon returning to his father. Suddenly his grief bursts forth in a flood of tears, sobbing as if his heart would break.

M

Robinson

Robinson was touched with Friday's excess of grief: "Who knows," said he, "whether the loss of our canoe may not be for our advantage? Or who can tell of what service this storm may be in its consequences either to us or to others?" "What service!" said Friday tartly; "it has deprived us of our canoe, that is all."

"Then because neither you nor I, narrow-minded, short-sighted beings as we are, can perceive any other effect of the storm than the loss of our canoe, do you suppose that God had no purpose in view when he stirred up this tempest? How can thy feeble understanding dare to limit the immense designs of Omnipotence!"

Friday submitted to the decree of Providence. In the mean time, Robinson did not cease to cast his eyes round to every part of the ocean that was open to his view; but in vain. He concluded, therefore, that what he had supposed to be the report of guns had certainly been thunder.

Nevertheless, his fancy still ran upon a vessel at anchor near the island. Still vexed and uneasy, he went to a very high hill, and climbing with all speed up to the summit, he casts his eyes round the sea—But heavens! what is his joy when he discovers that he has not been mistaken!

*The Children.* Oh dear!

*Mr. Bill.* He sees a ship! He flies to his habitation, snatches up his arms, and, unable to say any more to Friday than these words, "There they are! quick! quick!" he remounts the ladder of ropes, and sets off again with the utmost precipitation.

Friday supposed the savages to be at hand; taking up his arms, therefore, he followed with all speed.

Robinson expressed his joy in a thousand different ways.

He endeavoured to make the people of the ship hear him, but to no purpose, though the wind blew off the island towards them. He then begged his friend to make a fire directly, which might be seen by the people on board. This was quickly done; but his expectations were all in vain.

At last Friday offered to swim to the ship, and immediately strips off his cloaths of matting, cuts a branch, and, holding it between his teeth, springs boldly into the waves.

*Charlotte.* But why the branch, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* A green branch is, among the savages, a sign of peace. He who approaches them with a bough in his hand, has nothing to fear from them.

As



Friday arrived safe at the vessel, the size of which astonished him; but finding nobody on board, he returned. Robinson concluded that the ship was fast upon a rock or sand bank, and that the crew had taken to their boats for safety, but he could not conceive what was become of them. If they had perished, either their bodies or their boats would, in all probability, have been thrown upon some part of the shore.

"But what are we to do?" said Robinson. "Whether the crew have perished, or are only tossed about by the winds, in either case we can do nothing better than unload the ship of whatever effects we can move. But how are we to attempt this now that we have no canoe?"

*Rich.* I would have made a raft.

*Mr. Bill.* That was precisely the idea that struck Robinson at last. "A raft," said he to himself, "will be soonest made."

*Henry.* Now, what is a raft?

*Rich.* A raft is a number of beams tied close together, so that one can walk upon them, and this will carry you upon the water as well as a boat.

*Mr. Bill.* It was resolved that one of them should go to the cave and bring back provisions for a day, as well as all the cordage and tools that he should find. As Friday was the more active of the two, he was charged with this business. At his return, they both set to work upon the raft, and continued to do so without ceasing, till they found themselves so overpowered with sleep, that they lay down upon the grass, and gathered new strength in undisturbed repose.

#### T W E N T Y - F O U R T H E V E N I N G .

*MR. Bill.* Scarce had the ruddy morning appeared when Robinson roused his companion. They worked so incessantly that the raft was finished that very evening.

They did not delay a moment in launching it, that they might have the advantage of the ebb. They push off, and in less than half an hour come alongside of the ship.

What



What were Robinson's feelings when he approached this vessel! He would have glued his lips to every part of it if possible! That it was built, manned, and conveyed thither by Europeans, were circumstances which could not fail to render it dear to him. But, alas! these Europeans had disappeared, and it only remained for him now to save as much of the goods out of the ship as he could for his own use.

*Geo.* But could he take possession of goods that did not belong to him?

*Mr. Bill.* What think *you*, Richard, could he do so?

*Rich.* He might, to be sure, take them out of the ship, but if the owners appeared, he was obliged to restore them.

*Mr. Bill.* If he did not take out the goods, they would be spoiled by degrees; he had, therefore, some right to the use of them.

Shipwrecked goods are generally divided into three parts; the first for the owners, the second is given to those who have saved the goods; and the last belongs to the sovereign of the country.

When Robinson was a little recovered from the joy which he felt at the sight of an European ship, his first wish was that it might not prove to be damaged, but capable of being set afloat. He sailed round the ship on his raft, and examined the depth of water about it, but had the mortification to be convinced that he must never expect to see it afloat again.

The storm had lodged it between two rocks, where it was jammed in so fast, that there was not the least possibility of moving it one way or the other. Disappointed in all his hopes, Robinson hastened aboard to examine the cargo, and see whether that was damaged.

Robinson went from deck to deck, and from cabin to cabin, and found every where a thousand things, which, in Europe, one would scarce think worth looking at, but which to him were of infinite importance.

Friday was lost in amaze at the sight of so many objects, all equally unknown to him, and the uses of which he could not so much as guess.

Robinson considered what he had best carry ashore in this his first trip, and found some difficulty in making his choice. At length, however, his choice was fixed upon such objects as might best serve his purpose.

He disdained to take many articles which in Europe would have been eagerly seized the first of all. A barrel of gold dust,

dust, and a casket of the most valuable diamonds, he found amongst the captain's effects, but was in no wise tempted to take them away, as they could not possibly be of any service to him.

He had employed so much time in examining the ship, that when all was done, he had only an hour to spare before the tide would begin to flow again. They were obliged to take the advantage of it; for, without the flow of the tide, they would hardly be able to gain the shore. Robinson spent this hour in dining after the European fashion.

He brought out, therefore, a piece of hung beef, a few herrings, some biscuit, butter, cheese, and a bottle of wine, and laid the whole upon a table in the cabin. Friday and he sat down upon chairs. The very circumstance of dining at a table, sitting upon chairs, having plates, helping themselves with knives and forks; in short, of making a meal with the advantage of so many European conveniencies, gave Robinson a pleasure that it would be impossible to express.

The tide now beginning to flow, they get upon the raft, push off, and are carried gently towards the island. In a short time they come to shore, and hasten to land the goods with which the raft was loaded.

Friday was very curious to know the meaning of all those things and their uses. To begin to satisfy his curiosity, Robinson retires behind a bush, and dresses himself in a shirt, stockings, and shoes, together with an officer's uniform complete; then, putting a laced hat upon his head, and a sword by his side, he shews himself to Friday, who starts back, doubting whether it were not some being above the human species. Robinson could not help laughing at his amazement; he held his hand out to him in a friendly manner, assuring him that he was still his friend Robinson. He gave him a suit of sailor's cloaths, shewed him the use of each part, and desired him also to retire behind the thicket and change his dress.

Friday went accordingly; but, how long was he dressing! and how many trials did he make! He put on each part of the dress wrong: for instance, he put his two legs through the sleeves of the shirt, ran his two arms into the breeches, covered his head with the seat of them, and tried to button the jacket behind. He at length, however, dressed himself properly at all points.

He jumped for joy when he saw how well he was clothed.

The

The shoes alone were disagreeable to him. He begged leave, therefore, to put them off, and Robinson gave him full permission to do so.

He also shewed him the use of hatchets and several other tools, with which he was quite delighted. They began to make immediate use of them, in cutting a mast for their raft, that, with the help of a sail, they might be able to go to and from the ship without being obliged to wait for the ebb and flow of the tide.

Robinson loaded a musket. He proposed to have the pleasure of surprising his friend with the astonishing effects of gunpowder. An opportunity soon offering, he says to Friday, "Do you see that sea-gull? He shall fall this moment." And so saying, he fires, and the sea-gull falls.

Imagine, if you can, Friday's terror and surprise. He fell down as if it were himself that had been shot. Immediately his old superstition revived concerning *Toupan*, who produces the thunder. Astonished and confused as he was, he took his master for *Toupan*. He got upon his knees, without being able to utter a single word.

Robinson kindly raised him, and explained to him the nature and effects of gunpowder; shewed him the construction of the gun; and, loading it in his presence, gave it to him, that he might fire it off. But Friday was still in too great a fright, and begged Robinson to try the experiment in his stead. He, therefore, set up a mark about a hundred yards off, and fired, while Friday stood by his side.

What he was now witness to, and what he had seen in the ship, inspired him with a profound veneration for Europeans in general and Robinson in particular. Night coming on put an end to the agreeable labours of this happy day.

#### TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING.

**MR. BILL.** I suppose it will be agreeable to you, my dear children, if I begin directly upon our friend Robinson's affairs.

He

He had not ever since his coming to the island enjoyed a more agreeable night's rest than the last; and never was man more touched with love and gratitude towards his Supreme Benefactor. How often did he offer up his thanks to the Heavenly Disposer of all Things for the blessings that he had vouchsafed him! Nor was he content with feeling these sentiments of gratitude himself; he endeavoured also to communicate them to Friday. With this view, he taught him a prayer of thanksgiving, to the praise of the Universal Father of Nature.

Robinson examined the cargo afresh, to chuse whatever he should think preferable in so great a quantity of goods.

Amongst other things he resolved to carry away one of the six small carriage guns that were in the ship.

*Rich.* A gun! I think he might have carried away something more useful.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson thought this gun a very necessary article, were it only for his ease and security.

*Rich.* How so?

*Mr. Bill.* The part of the shore, where he was obliged for the present to lodge what goods he had brought out of the ship, was open on every side, and, unfortunately, at no great distance from the spot where the savages used to land.

You see now, my dear Richard, how liable we are to be mistaken, when we take upon us to give an opinion concerning the behaviour of other persons.

Besides the piece of cannon, they placed also upon the raft the following articles: 1st. three small bags, one of rye, another of barley, and the last of pease; 2d. a chest of nails and screws; 3d. a dozen of hatchets; 4th. a barrel of gunpowder, with balls and shot; 5th. a sail; 6th. a grindstone.

*Rich.* Why that?

*Mr. Bill.* To sharpen knives and other tools.

*Rich.* Were there no stones upon the island?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, plenty; but none fit for sharpening their instruments. Have not you observed, that those stones which are used for that purpose are of a particular sort, and much softer than most others?

*Rich.* Yes, I have.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, Robinson had never yet found upon his island any of that sort of stone; but a grindstone is not only exceedingly useful, but indispensably necessary to those who make use of sharp iron tools. He preferred it, therefore,

to the gold-dust and diamonds, which he had valued so little before, and had left behind him in his first trip to the vessel.

Robinson examined the condition of the ship. He found the leak was gaining ground, and foresaw, therefore, that the first gust of wind would dash the ship to pieces, and concluded that he must be expeditious if he wished to save much more of the cargo.

In their way to the shore, Robinson blamed himself much for one thing. His way of thinking here proves him to have been a perfect lover of justice.

*Edw.* For what did he blame himself, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* For not carrying away the gold-dust and diamonds.

*Edw.* What would he have done with them?

*Mr. Bill.* He had no view of using these things himself, but he reasoned thus: "It is not absolutely impossible," said he, "that the captain of the vessel may be still alive, and come some day or other to examine whether he cannot save part of the cargo. Perhaps his fortune, and that of many other persons, depend on this slight instance of attention which you have neglected to pay them. Robinson! Robinson!" cried he, highly dissatisfied with himself, "how far art thou still from being as just as thou oughtest to be!"

Robinson, therefore, returned to the ship, and was no sooner aboard than he hastened to convey upon the raft the barrel of gold-dust and the casket of jewels; and, having thus relieved his conscience of a load which lay upon it, he thought he had now a right to think of himself.

In this trip he carried away a variety of useful articles.

Robinson spent the rest of the day in taking a precaution which he thought indispensably necessary. He trembled at the idea, that, were a heavy shower to come on, he should be disabled from using his gunpowder. To prevent such an accident, he resolved that very day to make a tent of a large sailcloth which he had saved, and to lodge his treasure under it, where it would be safely sheltered from the rain.

As he was now provided with scissars and with needle and thread, this work was soon finished, and Friday was not long before he knew enough of it to be able to assist him.

They finished the tent before sun set, and Robinson had still time to shew Friday the effect of a great gun. He charged it with a ball, and pointed the muzzle towards the sea, that

that the ball might skim the surface of the water, and Friday might see distinctly how far the gun would carry.

After night-fall, Robinson put a light in his lantern to cast an eye over the papers that he had saved, in order to discover the ship's destination, and to whom she belonged : but, unfortunately, all these papers, as well as the books, were written in a language that he did not understand. Here, therefore, he had fresh occasion to be sorry for having neglected the study of foreign languages when he might have learnt them.

Two circumstances, however, which he observed, gave him some information concerning the ship's destination, and the object of her voyage. He found, amongst others, some letters for persons in Barbadoes, an island in the West Indies, where there is a great traffic for slaves.

*Henry.* Traffic for slaves, papa ?

*Mr. Bill.* I will explain it to you.

In Africa, which is the country of the negroes, men, in ignorance and stupidity, do not seem to differ much from the brutes. Their chiefs or kings, who are as savage as themselves, treat them accordingly. If any Europeans arrive on their coast, whole crowds of blacks are offered to them for sale, as we sell cattle here in a market. Even fathers bring their children, and exchange them for trifles. Thus the Europeans every year purchase a great number of negroes, and carry them to the West Indies, where they are forced to work at the hardest labour.

*Rich.* It is not well done to use human beings in that manner.

*Mr. Bill.* Certainly it is very unjust ; and we have hopes that in time this iniquitous traffic of slaves will be abolished.

Robinson found also, among the papers, an account from which he gathered that the ship was bound for Barbadoes, and had a hundred slaves aboard. Having communicated this circumstance to Friday, he added, " Who knows if these poor wretches are not indebted for their liberty to the storm which occasioned the ship to strike ? " Friday agreed that this conjecture was not wholly improbable. " Well then, my friend," replied Robinson, with some warmth, " could you now repeat the question that you lately asked me ? "

*Frid.* What question ?

*Rob.* You asked me, of what use could the storm be that carried away our canoe ?

Friday looked down, quite ashamed and confounded.

" Oh !



"O! Friday," said Robinson, "acknowledge, here, the hand of an all-powerful and all-wise God. Cast your eyes on all these different articles; they are such as render life commodious and happy. Whence should we have had them were it not for the storm?"

Robinson took as much care of the papers which he had been looking over, as of the diamonds and gold-dust, that, if ever he returned to Europe, he might, by means of them, discover the persons to whom he should restore the treasure that he had saved out of the ship.

For six days successively they made two or three trips a day to the wreck, and brought to land every thing that they could possibly convey away.

After they had made eighteen trips, they observed, as they were on board the nineteenth time, that a storm was rising very fast. They were scarce half way towards the shore, when a violent gale of wind, accompanied with thunder, lightning, and rain, swelled and agitated the sea in such a manner, that the waves, rolling over the raft, carried off all the goods that were upon it.

At length, the slightness of the raft began to give way to the fury of the waves. The cordage and osier bindings, which held the pieces of it together, being loosened, all the beams of which it consisted quickly came asunder.

*Harriet.* Heavens! what will become of poor Robinson?

*The Children.* Softly! have patience!

*Mr. Bill.* Friday sought to save himself by swimming, and Robinson seized a piece of wood, with which he was sometimes plunged into the deep, and sometimes rode upon the ridge of the waves. His strength now forsook him, and he was almost insensible; he utters a weak cry, and sinks down, oppressed by a huge wave, which carries away the beam that supported him.

Happily his faithful Friday was not far from him, and he exerted himself with so much success, that, in a few minutes, he reached the shore with his master's body.

Friday, who was distracted at his master's present condition, carried him up on the beach, hung over him, rubbed him, and joined his lips to his mouth to communicate breath to him if possible. At length Robinson recovered the use of his faculties.

Opening his eyes, he asked, in a weak and trembling voice, "Where am I?" "In my arms, my dear master!"

answered Friday, with tears in his eyes. Robinson thanked Friday a thousand times, and called him his saviour.

My dear children, we cannot finish the account of that day's adventures with any circumstance more interesting than this.

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T W E N T Y - S I X T H   E V E N I N G .

*M*<sup>R. BILL.</sup> Well, my dear children, our friend Robinson is restored to life once more. The storm continued the whole night, and he waited, with impatience, until it was broad day-light, to see what was become of the ship,

The sun was now above the horizon, and Robinson saw, to his grief, that the ship had disappeared.

Robinson and Friday were particularly careful to gather all the remains of the wreck together on one spot of the beach. When they had finished every thing that concerned the wreck, they formed a regular plan of the employments which were to take place next.

The object was, at present, to convey all these goods to their dwelling-place; but they thought it dangerous, while they carried one parcel, to be at so great a distance from the rest. Robinson settled it, therefore, that they should carry the goods and stand guard alternately. He loaded the carriage guns, and pointed them towards the sea. They kindled a fire, and placed a match beside the guns, that they might be ready to fire whenever the case required it.

Robinson, in order to spare his best cloaths, had dressed himself like a sailor, and had a cutlass by his side, and two loaded pistols in his girdle. The water-spaniel, which had never quitted him, was, by no means, a useless companion on this journey. Robinson harnessed him to the wheel-barrow, and the dog was of considerable service to him in conveying the burthen forward. He carried also a  
par-



parcel in his mouth, which he had been taught to do by those to whom he formerly belonged.

Robinson brought all his lamas, ready harnessed for carrying burthens, in order to use them for that purpose.

So many articles could not all be stowed in Robinson's cellar. He hastened, therefore, to pitch another large tent in the enclosed ground before his cave. This was meant as a store-tent for the present, until other means should be contrived for securing the things.

What agreeable employments have Robinson and Friday now before them! They scarce know where to begin. The most important of all was the building of a storehouse, to shelter the goods more securely than they were under the tent. Here it was necessary to do the business of a house-carpenter, to which they had neither of them served an apprenticeship.

But what could be difficult to the industrious and persevering Robinson now that he was provided with all sorts of tools?

The little building, when finished, was not much unlike one of our country cottages. Robinson had taken care to bring away with him the ship's cabin windows; they served to give light to the building, without the inconvenience of holes that would let in the wind.

When all was put under cover and in proper order, Robinson thought of contriving for himself a convenient way of entering his fortress without weakening it. They first made a gate and a drawbridge; and, afterwards, they made an opening in the terrace and palisade sufficient for the width of the gate; then they laid down the bridge in such a manner, that, when raised, it might lie against the gate, and cover it. Lastly, they loaded the guns, and placed them upon the terrace, in such positions, that two of them should defend the right flank, two the left, and two the front of their fortification.

When harvest time was come, Robinson made use of an old hanger, instead of a sickle, to cut down his maize, and his wooden spade served him for digging his potatoes.

*Henry.* Oh! I wish I had been there! How I would have worked!

*Edw. Nay,* you have no occasion to go so far as Robinson Crusoe's island for work. Papa will find you plenty, if you are fond of it. There is wood to be sawed, to be split,

split, and to be carried; there are plats in the garden to be dug up; there is weeding and watering of the flowers; and, in short, you will always find enough to do.

*Mr. Bill.* Why do I set you to work at these different employments?

*Rich.* To accustom us never to be idle, to strengthen our bodies, and preserve us in good health.

*Geo.* For my part, I like it, and you shall always find me, papa, as diligent and industrious as Robinson himself.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, we shall see that. We are very sensible that Robinson was the better for it, and every one of us also experiences more and more the happy effects of an active way of life.

When the harvest was gathered, Robinson made two flails. Friday soon learned the use of them, and in one day they thrashed all their maize.

He made, by way of trial, two sorts of bread, one of rye flower, and the other of maize. The rye bread was by far the better tasted of the two. He, therefore, proposed to sow the greatest part of his land with rye, that he might always have a stock of grain sufficient to supply them with bread.

There was one article that would have been exceedingly useful to them, and that was an iron spade. It is true, Friday had made one of hard wood, but still they found room to wish for a better. Robinson, therefore, who determined, for the future, to make agriculture his principal employment, conceived the design of fixing up a forge to make spades himself, and possibly other instruments besides.

This design was not so extravagant as perhaps you may think it; for every thing necessary for a forge was to be found in his storehouse. There was a small anvil, several pair of pincers, a pair of bellows, and such a stock of iron as would probably be sufficient to keep him in work all his life-time. This plan was, therefore, immediately put in execution.

Part of this season, therefore, they spent in working smiths work; and when the spades were finished, Robinson had a mind to try his abilities at making a plough; and in this also he perfectly succeeded.

This plough was very different from ours. It consisted of a single branch of a tree; one end of which rested on

the ground, and was furnished with a sock, and a handle, by means of which the person who ploughed might guide it at pleasure. In a word, this plough was exactly like that in use amongst the antient Greeks, at their first undertaking the practice of agriculture. I can give you a sketch of it here.



*Henry.* Really, it is a very curious plough.

*Geo.* Had it no wheels?

*Mr. Bill.* No. All instruments were at first as simple in their make as this plough. By degrees men made additions for greater convenience: so by altering and improving they encreased the utility and commodiousness of the tools necessary for their different labours.

Robinson had every reason to be proud of this invention, for he had never seen a plan of it. By all that we can learn from history, many ages of the world elapsed before men arrived at the invention even of so simple a machine as this plough; and the inventors of it were looked upon by posterity as men of such exalted wisdom, that, after their death, they were paid divine honours. Richard, you remember the name of him to whom the Egyptians attribute the invention of the plough.

*Rich.* Yes; it was Osiris, whom, for that reason, they afterwards worshipped as a god.

*Edw.* Could not Robinson make the lamas draw the plough?

*Mr. Bill.* At first he doubted whether they were fit for this work; however, he determined to make a trial of them, and the success of it exceeded his hopes.

To sow their field according to all the rules of art, there wanted but one instrument.

*Henry.* I can guess what that was,

*Mr. Bill.* What do you think?

*Henry.* A harrow.

*Mr. Bill.* You are right.

In the first place, Robinson made as many iron-teeth as he thought would be necessary for the harrow. After some unsuccessful attempts, he, at length, succeeded in making the wooden frame in which these iron teeth were to be fixed. Lastly, he made as many holes in the frame as it was to contain teeth, and when he had driven them in, and clinched them, the harrow was finished.

The rainy season being over, he sowed some rye, barley, and pease; and, at the end of five months, he had the satisfaction to gather a crop more than sufficient to last them six months. He resolved, therefore, to have a barn, which might always contain a sufficient stock, in case a crop should happen to fail.

With this intention they unroofed the storehouse, in order to add another story to it, which might serve as a granary, and the work was soon happily completed.

During these transactions, the goat yeanned two young ones. The spaniel served as a guard by night; and Poll, the parrot, amused them at work. On the other hand, the lambs were become more valuable than ever; as, besides affording milk, butter, and cheese; they assisted in tilling the ground. In order, therefore, to be perfectly happy, Robinson wanted nothing now but—guests.

*Rich.* To be with his father and mother.

*Mr. Bill.* And to have some more companions. Being only two upon the island, they must expect, sooner or later, one of them to die before the other. Yet Robinson looked upon it as a blameable weakness to make one's life miserable by the dread of evils that are possible, but still concealed in futurity. "The same power," thought he, "who has hitherto provided for me in all things, will still continue to operate in my favour." Thus his life passed in tranquillity and content. He enjoyed inwardly peace of mind; and, without, every thing promised him the most perfect security. Happy state! May God grant you all to enjoy the same!

"Amen," said Mrs. Billingsley; and the company separated.

## TWENTY-SEVENTH EVENING.

*MR. BILL.* Well, my dear children, I have a great number of things to relate to you this evening. Prepare yourselves for a fresh scene of horror, the event of which cannot be foreseen.

Robinson and Friday attempted, one after another, many different arts, and imitated most sorts of tradesmen; they imitated them, I say, with so much success, that they were soon able to make up a hundred things, for which we indolent Europeans require as many different workmen. Their strength increased in proportion as they exerted it, and their minds, being in a state of constant activity, and always in search of some useful object, were improved every day more and more. May not this be regarded as a proof that we were created for the same activity, since health, virtue, and happiness, are the necessary consequences of it?

At present the most indispensable parts of the business were completed, and Robinson was the first to propose the building of another boat, to go and seek Friday's father. The work was begun the very next day, and, with the help of good hatchets, was finished much better and much sooner than the first time.

One morning that Robinson was engaged in the ordinary cares of his habitation, he sent Friday to the sea-side for some turtle, which was now become a rarity to them. After a short absence, he came back running at full-speed. Out of breath with running and with fright together, he could but just stammer out these words, "Here they are! here they are!"

Robinson, in a fright, asked him hastily whom he meant.

"Oh! master! master!" answered Friday, "fix canoes!"

Robinson ran hastily up to the top of the hillock, and saw that Friday had counted right. He perceived six canoes full of savages, just ready to land. Coming down immediately, he bade Friday be of good courage, and asked him,

him, whether, if they should come to an engagement with the enemy, he would stand by him faithfully.

"Yes," answered he, "to the last drop of my blood;" for, having had time to recover himself, he felt his courage mount by degrees to its usual pitch. "Well," said Robinson, "let us endeavour to prevent these monsters from executing their horrible designs."

With these words he wheeled down one of the carriage guns, took six muskets, two brace of pistols, and two hangers. Each of them put a brace of pistols in his girdle, a hanger by his side, and three muskets on his shoulder, and when they had taken a sufficient quantity of powder and ball, they harnessed themselves to the gun, and with a firm countenance took the field.

Having passed the drawbridge, they halted. Friday went back into the fort to raise the bridge and shut the gate, and then, by means of the ladder of ropes, which always hung to the rock, he came out again, and joined his general.

Here Robinson explained to Friday the plan that he had formed. "We will go round the hillock," said he, "and when within reach of them, we will fire the great gun, and the ball passing over their heads, no doubt, will terrify the barbarians, make them abandon their prey, and take to flight in their canoes."

"Thus," continued Robinson, "we shall have the satisfaction of saving the unfortunate wretches whom they intend to devour, without shedding a drop of blood. But if they should not take to flight, then, my dear Friday, we must shew that we are men, by bravely facing the danger. He, from whom nothing is hid, sees what induces us to endanger our lives; he will preserve them if it be for our advantage: therefore, his will be done."

Robinson desired Friday to steal with all possible circumspection behind a large tree which he shewed him, and inform him whether he could discover the enemy from that spot. He brought back word that they were easily to be seen sitting round a large fire, and picking the bones of one prisoner whom they had already dispatched; that, not far from them, he saw another lying on the ground, and tied hand and foot, who seemed to be a white man, and had the appearance of a beard; and that,



that, in all probability, he was going soon to share the same fate.

Robinson was startled when he heard mention of a white man. Having a prospect glass about him which he had found aboard the ship, he went to the tree himself, and from thence could discover about fifty savages sitting round a fire, and could clearly distinguish the prisoner to be an European.

He could scarcely contain himself; his heart throbbed, his blood boiled. If he were to fall upon these barbarians at once, it would be the way to shed much blood. But, as the blind instinct of passion should never get the better of reason, he restrains his transports in order to avoid that unpleasing necessity.

As there was a spot farther on equally sheltered with thickets, he went behind a bush pretty near the savages, and points his cannon in such a manner that the ball would pass over the heads of the savages. Then he told Friday, in a low voice, to imitate exactly what he should see him do.

He lays down two of his muskets on the ground, and holds the third in his hand; Friday does the same: he then applies a lighted match to the touch-hole of the cannon, and fires it off.

At the noise of the report, the savages fell backwards on the grass as if they had been all shot at once. Robinson and Friday, on their side, prepared for engaging, if that should happen to be necessary. In less than a minute the savages rise off the ground, recovering from their astonishment; the most fearful run to their canoes, but the boldest take up their arms.

They had been frightened merely by the noise of the cannon; unfortunately, they did not perceive the fire, nor hear the whistling of the ball. The fright was, therefore, not near so great as had been expected. After looking round on every side without discovering any thing that could terrify them again, they all set up a dreadful yell, and began their war dance, shaking their weapons with furious looks and gestures.

Robinson observing, that, when the dance was ended, the savages not only took their places again, but sent two of their number to seize the unfortunate European, he could not contain himself any longer. He looks at Friday, and says to him, "You take the right, I the left, and Heaven be

be our defence!" So saying, he presents and fires; Friday does the same.

The man took much better aim than the master; for on the enemy's left there fell five, and on the right only three: of these eight, three were killed, the rest wounded. The consternation with which those who were not hurt took to flight, cannot be described. Robinson was going to fall out from behind the bushes, in order to deliver the unfortunate European, who lay bound hand and foot; but he saw, with astonishment, a party of the runaways rally all of a sudden, and stand upon their defence. He made haste to take up a second musket, and Friday doing the same, they both fired at once.

At his discharge there fell only two of the enemy; but several of them, being wounded, began to run away, howling dreadfully: presently, three of them fell down, but still with some remains of life.

Robinson said to Friday in a loud voice, "Now let us shew ourselves:" at the same instant, they both start from their concealment, and appear before the savages. Robinson flies to the unfortunate prisoner, to shew him that relief was at hand; but perceives that some of the savages, who before were running away, now rallied to prepare for combat. He noticed this to Friday, who fired, and saw one of the Indians fall.

In the mean time, Robinson cut the bulrushes with which the prisoner's hands and feet were tied, and asking him in English and Latin who he was, the man answered in Latin, *Christianus, Hispanus*; that is, a Christian and a Spaniard. His excessive weakness hindered him from saying any more. Fortunately, Robinson had taken care to provide a bottle of wine, in case of being wounded. He gave the Spaniard a little, which revived him exceedingly. Robinson then furnished him with a hanger and a pistol, and, mean time, Friday was ordered to bring all the muskets, that they might be loaded afresh.

The moment the Spaniard was armed with a hanger and a pistol, he fell furiously upon his enemies, and dispatched two of them. Friday advanced to support him, while Robinson was hastening to load the other five. The two champions found some resistance at first, and were soon separated; for the Spaniard came to close engagement with a very stout Indian, and Friday pursued, sword in hand,  
a whole

a whole party of runaways, some of whom fell beneath his arm, others jumped into the sea to swim to their canoes, and the rest fled.

But the Spaniard was now hard put to it. He had, it is true, at first, notwithstanding his weakness, attacked the Indian, and given him two wounds in the head; but this so enraged the savage, that with his heavy stone falchion he was near cutting the Spaniard down. Robinson, perceiving the Spaniard's danger, fired at the savage, and killed him on the spot.

Scarce was the Spaniard raised from the ground before he seized a loaded musket, and went with Friday in pursuit of the savages. Robinson thought it best to remain on the field of battle, and observe the motions of those who had escaped to their canoes. His two friends were both about to enter one of the canoes which the savages had left, and to pursue those who were rowing off to sea; but Robinson stopped them. "My friends," said he, "it is enough; we have, perhaps, shed more blood than we ought."

*Harriet.* That was well done of Robinson, to spare the remainder of the savages.

*Mr. Bill.* It was certainly acting with prudence and humanity. It would have been too cruel to kill, without necessity, these unfortunate wretches, who embraced that deplorable error, which taught them that to kill and eat a great number of their enemies was a very meritorious action.

*Edw.* Yet, I think, they ought to have known that it was not right to do so.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear friend, how could they have known it?

*Edw.* Hey-day! Why any little child knows that it is not right to kill a man and then eat him.

*Mr. Bill.* But how does the little child know this? Is it not by being early so instructed?

*Edw.* Yes, certainly.

*Mr. Bill.* And if he had never been instructed on the subject; if his father, his mother, and all those whom he ought to love and respect, had always told him that it is a very laudable action to kill one's enemy, and eat his body?

*Edw.* Nay, why—to be sure—then ———

*Mr. Bill.* Why, then, a child would never suspect the contrary. He would rather partake, as soon as he was of age, in the killing and the feasting. This was the case with

those poor savages. Let us thank God that we were not born amongst them, but had civilized parents, who early instructed us in the difference between good and evil.

Our hero shed tears when he traversed the field of battle to assist those who were still alive. It was all over with the greatest part of them, and the rest expired in his arms while he poured wine upon their wounds, and endeavoured to recover them.

*Harriet.* But how came this Spaniard amongst the savages, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* That is more than Robinson himself has yet had time to be informed of; therefore, let us restrain our curiosity until to-morrow.

*The Children.* Oh! then we must stop here.

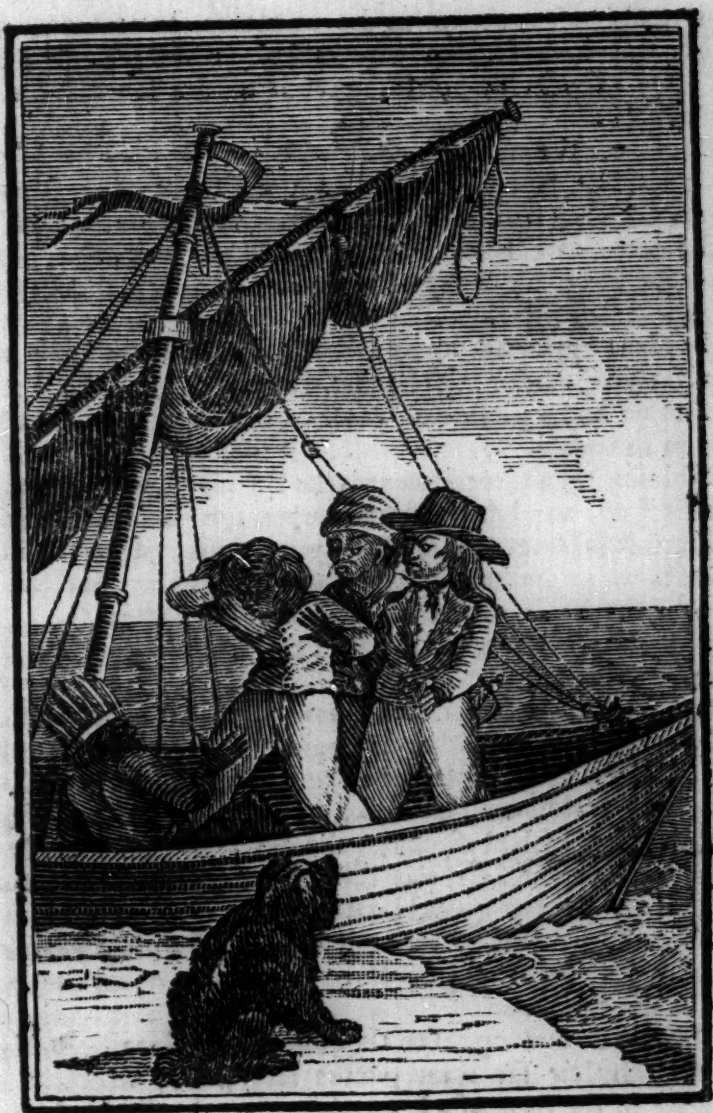
## TWENTY-EIGHTH EVENING.

**HARRIET.** Well, papa, now for the Spaniard; what brought him amongst the savages?

*Mr. Bill.* Have a little patience, and you shall hear. Robinson, having a mind to examine one of the two canoes which the savages had left behind them, went towards it, and found in it another unfortunate creature, tied hand and foot as the Spaniard had been, and looking more dead than alive.

As he was an Indian, Robinson called Friday to speak to him in his native tongue. Scarce had he cast eyes on the prisoner, when Friday, all of a sudden, like a man beside himself, embraces him, locks him in his arms, cries, laughs, jumps, dances, roars, clasps his hands, strikes himself on the face and breast, and, in short, acts like one that is delirious. It was some time before Robinson could draw from him this short answer, "It is my father!"

It would be difficult to describe all the marks of filial love and affection which this excellent young man shewed upon  
this



this occasion. Twenty times he jumped out of the canoe upon land, and from the land into the canoe again. Some times he opened his jacket, and pressed his father's head to his bosom to warm it; at others, he embraced him again, and covered him with kisses. Robinson, who had still some wine in his bottle, gave it to him to wash his father's limbs.

To refresh the old man, Robinson gave Friday his breakfast, which he had not touched, and Friday gave it to his father. Scarce had he received it when his son started out of the canoe in a hurry, and went off so quick, that before Robinson had time to say Where are you going, Friday was already out of sight.

He soon appeared again, but did not come back with quite such expedition. When he was pretty near, they could see that he had a pitcher of water in one hand, and some victuals in the other.

Robinson then turned towards the Spaniard, who, exhausted with fatigue, was lying stretched upon the grass. He strove to rise, but was not able. Friday was ordered to sit down beside him, to bathe his arms and legs with wine, and to take the same care of him as he had of his father.

It was truly moving to behold this affectionate son, who, while he attended the Spaniard, turned his head every moment towards his father to see how he was. Robinson now had a mind to try whether he could not, with Friday's assistance, convey the Spaniard to the canoe; but Friday, who was young and strong, carried him with ease upon his shoulders. When they had placed in the other canoe, not only the cannon and the muskets, but also all the arms of the conquered Indians, Friday quickly entered the first, and he made such speed, by dint of rowing, that Robinson, who ran on foot along the sea-side, could by no means equal the swiftness of the canoe.

They were now opposite their dwelling-place. Robinson hastened thither for some planks and poles, which he put together in the form of a litter, to convey the disabled men to his habitation with more ease. He and Friday carried them up, one after the other. What a treasure was here for Robinson, who longed for nothing so much as the happiness of enlarging his company! As the two invalids seemed to have occasion for nothing so much as rest, Friday made them  
up

up a bed, on which, when ready, they delayed not to repose themselves.

The two hosts then prepared a good supper. Friday was ordered to go to the park, and bring home a young lama.

He could not help smiling frequently at the thought that he should now resemble a king still more than ever. One circumstance was remarkable, that he counted in his dominions as many different sects of religion as he had subjects. Friday had adopted his master's religion, which was the Protestant; the Spaniard was a Roman Catholic, and Friday's father was an idolater.

"What is to be done in this matter?" said Robinson to himself: "have I not a right to oblige them all to embrace the belief which I think best?"

What think ye, my dear children? Ought he to force his subjects to receive his particular religion, or ought he not?

*The Children.* He should not constrain them in any respect.

*Mr. Bill.* Why not?

*Rich.* Because a man's belief, or way of thinking, is independent of all the world, provided he behaves himself inoffensively in other respects.

*Mr. Bill.* In fine, my dear children, it belongs to God alone to be the infallible judge of our belief: he alone can decide on the truth or falsehood of our opinions; none but he can know perfectly whether our search after the truth has been earnest and sincere, or slight and negligent; nor is there any but he who can judge how far our errors are to be imputed to us.

Robinson saw this matter nearly in the same light. "Far from me," said he, "be the indiscreet zeal which endeavours to force men into its belief! Far from me be the blind frenzy of persecuting and torturing fellow-creatures, merely because they have the misfortune to be deceived, or the virtue to refuse professing publicly that of which they are not convinced inwardly. In my island, at least, such injustice shall never find a place.

He, therefore, resolved, that all, without distinction, should enjoy the free exercise of their religion, if it should so happen, that they could not agree amongst themselves upon one single form of religious worship.

Friday being now returned, they forthwith proceeded to get ready the supper. "Let us celebrate this day," said

Robinson, "as a double festival : on the one hand, we have rescued two fellow-creatures from the voracity of those monsters in human shape ; on the other hand, you have found your father."

The two guests now awoke, and found themselves able, with the assistance of Robinson and Friday, to rise and sit at table. The old Indian seemed as much struck and astonished at every thing that he beheld as his son had formerly been on his first seeing the effects of European industry.

Friday acted as interpreter in the conversation that his master had with the old man and the Spaniard.

*Geo.* Did Friday understand Spanish?

*Mr. Bill.* No ; but the Spaniard, who had been six months amongst the savages, could speak their language. The following is the substance of his account :

"Our ship was bound to the Coast of Africa for slaves, where we had taken a hundred on board, and were carrying them to Barbadoes to sell them : twenty of them died on account of our stowing them too close one upon another. A violent gale of wind drove us out of our course, and carried us towards the Coast of Brasil. Our ship sprung a leak, so that we durst not trust ourselves out to sea again, but coasted along the main land. Suddenly, and, in the night, we struck upon some rocks not far from an island. We set the blacks free, that they might assist us in pumping, but the moment they saw themselves at liberty, they, with one accord, seized our boats, being determined to escape from their masters.

"What could we do ? It was impossible for us to have recourse to force ; we were but fifteen against four-score, and, besides, the greatest part of them were armed. We endeavoured, by our supplications, to prevail on those, who had lately been our slaves, either to remain with us or take us with them. Though they had received the most rigorous treatment from us, yet they were moved with compassion, and suffered us to get into the boats, on condition that we gave up our arms, and the boats were so overloaded that we expected to sink every moment.

"However, we did every thing in our power to reach the island, but suddenly the wind changed, and carried us out to sea in spite of the laborious exertions of the rowers. Our destruction now appeared no longer a matter of doubt :

never-

nevertheless, we were carried to an island perfectly unknown to us, where the inhabitants, simple and humane, received us with the most hospitable benevolence.

"We have lived with them ever since, in the best manner we could, but still very indifferently. These poor savages have nothing themselves to subsist on but fishing, and a few fruits which the island produces spontaneously.

"Some days ago, this island was invaded by a nation of neighbouring Indians. Every one took up arms, and we should have thought ourselves wanting in the most essential duty of society if we had not assisted people from whom we had received such friendly entertainment. I fought by the side of this brave old man, and had the misfortune to be made prisoner along with him.

"In this dreadful captivity we passed two days and nights, bound hand and foot, without receiving any nourishment. They now and then threw us pieces of stinking fish.

"This morning, at break of day, we were dragged to the canoes in order to be conveyed to the place where these barbarians were accustomed to devour their victims. Providence brought you to our assistance; generous men! you delivered us; so that we have received more at your hands than ever we shall be able to repay you."

Here the Spaniard was silent; being penetrated with gratitude, he shed abundance of tears.

The Spaniard, on being asked who owned the ship's cargo, answered, that the vessel had been fitted out by two merchants of Cadiz.

Upon this, Robinson took the Spaniard by the hand, led him to his cellar, then to the storehouse, and shewed him the most valuable effects of the wreck safely stowed in both places.

Robinson enquired also in respect to the owner of the diamonds and the officer's dress. He was told that they were both part of the effects of an English officer, who, having resided many years in the East Indies, was returning to England, but, falling sick on his way home, he desired to be set ashore on the coast of Africa, where he died, and his effects were put on board the Spanish ship to be conveyed to Barbadoes, whence they were afterwards to be sent to England.

From that moment Robinson looked upon the gold-dust, the diamonds, and the papers, as a sacred deposit entrusted to his care.

Night

Night approaching, all parties found themselves so exhausted by the fatigues and dangers of the day, that each one had occasion to retire earlier than usual to seek refreshment in sleep. They did, therefore, what we shall also do as soon as we have returned thanks to God for having this day permitted us to enjoy uninterrupted happiness and tranquillity.

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#### TWENTY-NINTH EVENING.

**MR. BILL.** The next morning Robinson assembled all the strength of his empire, and with their assistance cut down wood, with which they made a pile, and burnt the dead bodies of the Indians.

*Rich.* That was the custom of the Romans.

*Mr. Bill.* And many other nations besides. Robinson did not chuse to imitate the imprudence of his countrymen, who, at that time, buried their dead in the midst of towns, and even within their churches, where consequently the living must breathe an air infected by the disorders of the dead.

*Harriet.* Hey! why they do so still, papa.

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, unfortunately, they do so. Let this example make you sensible how difficult it is for men to abolish ancient customs, though universally acknowledged to be pernicious.

Another century and more will elapse before people will think seriously of abolishing so pernicious a custom.

*Henry.* I wish I were a person in authority! I should settle that matter.

*Mr. Bill.* Heaven seems to intend each of you to be one day of the number of those who are entrusted with the power of promoting your country's happiness. Every thing that is necessary for your attaining so exalted a trust the goodness of Providence has bestowed upon you. You are born of enlightened

lightened and virtuous parents; you are endowed with the happiest qualifications of body and mind; and, I may venture to affirm, that you are receiving an education which few men have the happiness to receive. If, as I hope, you should fulfil your honourable destiny, if you should arrive one day or other at the rank of those powerful men whose actions affect the happiness of so many thousands, make use of the authority entrusted to you to lessen the evils and promote the good of your fellow-creatures; scatter round you joy, prosperity, and happiness. Remember then, also, what has now given rise to this paternal exhortation, and, if possible, prevail upon your countrymen to bury the dead in places where the stench of their bodies may not injure the health of the living.

Robinson and his companions, having burned the dead bodies, returned to the dwelling-place. As the son was called Friday, Robinson gave the father the name of *Thursday*, and thus we shall call him for the future.

Robinson summoned them all to council, where Friday still served as interpreter, and his master, as chief, opened the assembly with the following short speech:

“My dear friends, all who are present see themselves now in possession of whatever can contribute to render their lives peaceable and commodious: nevertheless, my heart will never find satisfaction while I know that there are persons who have a greater right thereto than I have, and yet languish in the want thereof. I speak of the Spaniards who are now amongst the savages. I wish that each of you would communicate to me his advice and opinion concerning the properest means for bringing those unfortunate people hither.

The Spaniard first offered to go for them, all alone, in one of the canoes that they had taken from the Indians. *Thursday* declared that he was ready to undertake the same expedition. Friday was of opinion, that he himself, who was fitter for the enterprize, should accompany the Spaniard. A generous contest arose between them all, and Robinson was obliged to interpose. He pronounced, that *Thursday* and the Spaniard should make the projected attempt, and that Friday should remain with him.

*Charlotte*. But why did not he send Friday, papa, rather than the poor old man?

*Mr. Bill*. The father knew the sea, and could navigate it, better

better than the son. As to the Spaniard, there was a necessity that he should go, because, if he did not, his countrymen would, perhaps, not accept Robinson's invitation.

Before their departure, the Spaniard gave a proof not only of his honesty and gratitude towards Robinson, but also of his prudence and circumspection. He represented, that the other Spaniards were, like himself, no more than common sailors, and, consequently, people without education; that he did not know them sufficiently to answer for their behaviour; and that, therefore, he was of opinion, that Robinson, as master of the island, should draw out the conditions upon which they should be received.

Robinson immediately pursued his advice. The agreement which he drew up in consequence of it, was worded as follows:

"All persons who are desirous of residing in Robinson Crusoe's island, and of enjoying there the conveniencies of life which they are invited to share, must consent,

"In the first place, to conform in every thing to the will of the lawful master of the island, and to submit cheerfully to whatsoever laws and regulations the said master shall judge necessary for the good of the territory.

"Secondly, to be active, sober, and virtuous; for no idle, drunken, vicious person will be tolerated in this island.

"Thirdly, to abstain from all quarrels.

"Fourthly, to join, without murmuring, in all the labours which the good of the community shall require, and, in case of necessity, to assist the master of the island at the hazard of their lives.

"Fifthly, should any person presume to oppose any one of these just laws, all the other members of the community shall be bound to unite against him, either to oblige him to return to his duty, or to banish him for ever from the island.

"Every one is advised to consider these articles maturely, and not to sign them (which would be equal to the obligation of an oath), unless he is firmly resolved to abide by the conditions of them.

Signed

ROBINSON CRUSOE."

It was settled that the Spaniard should translate this agreement into his native language, and take pen and ink with him, that his countrymen might sign it before they embarked.

They

They next chose the best of the canoes, and prepared for their departure.

*Geo.* But was there room in one canoe for all the Spaniards?

*Mr. Bill.* No: they only wanted this canoe to sail to the other island: for their return they could use the boats belonging to the Spanish ship, which were still in very good condition.

When their provisions were laid in, the two deputies set sail, after taking a friendly leave of Robinson and Friday. At the moment of his father's departure Friday swam to the side of the boat, to shake hands with his father, and give him his last farewell, which was almost stifled with sobs. On his return ashore he sat down upon a rising ground, with his eyes fixed upon the canoe, which scudded before the wind until he had entirely lost sight of it.

Robinson, to amuse him, spent the rest of the day with him in shooting game, and traversing the hills. They had not gone very far, when the spaniel that accompanied them, stopped at the foot of a rock all overgrown with bushes, and fell a barking. They went up to him, and observed a hole in the rock, which a man could not enter without creeping.

Robinson desired Friday to try if he could get into the hole, who, in making the trial, had scarce put his head withinside, before he drew it out again in a hurry, uttered a dreadful roar, and ran away with the greatest terror and precipitation, never once listening to Robinson's voice, who called him back repeatedly. At length, overtaking him, Robinson asked, with much surprise, why he had run away. "Ah!" replied he, scarce able to speak, "ah! my dear master, let us save ourselves with the utmost speed. In that cave is a most terrible monster."

"I should be curious to see it," said Robinson; and, therefore, desired him forthwith to hasten to the dwelling-place, and fetch a lantern. In the mean time, he went back to the rock, and stood sentinel before the hole, with his musquet in his hand.

Robinson said to himself, "What could Friday have seen to terrify him so? Was it a wild beast? In that case it would certainly be rash of me to enter the hole. But if there were such animals in this island, I should have seen some of them long before now. I will know what it is,  
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were it only to cure this good young man of his childish aptness to be frightened.

Friday now arrives with the lantern lighted. He endeavoured once more, with tears in eyes, to dissuade his master from exposing himself to danger. Robinson was a stranger to fear; exhorting Friday, therefore, to take courage, he advanced boldly towards the cavern, with a lantern in one hand and a loaded pistol in the other.

He perceived an object which really made him shudder; nevertheless he did not run away. Holding his lantern farther in, he found it to be a lama that was dying of old age. Looking round, and perceiving no other animal but this harmless lama, he crept entirely into the cavern, and bid Friday follow him.

As he entered, Robinson said to him, smiling, "Well, Friday, you see what fear can make us believe. Now, where are the great blazing eyes that you saw?"

*Frid.* And yet I really thought I saw them; nay, I could have sworn it.

*Rob.* Believe me, Friday, such is the foundation of all stories concerning ghosts, and I know not what idle fancies of the same sort. The first tellers of these absurd tales were fearful old women, or cowardly men of the same stamp.

While they were talking, the old lama expired. Robinson and Friday dragged it out of the hole, in order to bury it.

They next more attentively examined the spot where they were, and found it to be a very spacious and agreeable cave, which they might in future turn to advantageous uses.

Robinson resolved to convert it into an agreeable retreat, where he might enjoy a refreshing coolness during the hotter part of the day, and also lodge any of his provisions that were liable to be spoiled by the heat. Luckily it was no more than a short mile from the dwelling-place, whither Friday presently repaired, and brought back tools, with which they both fell to work to enlarge the entrance.

## THIRTIETH EVENING.

**EDWARD.** Every time now that papa sits down to continue the story I feel a dread over me.

*Mr. Bill.* What are you afraid of, my dear?

*Edw.* That it will be the last evening.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear children, all our pleasures here below are bounded: this must also have an end, and you will do well to prepare yourselves before-hand for the conclusion of Robinson's adventures.

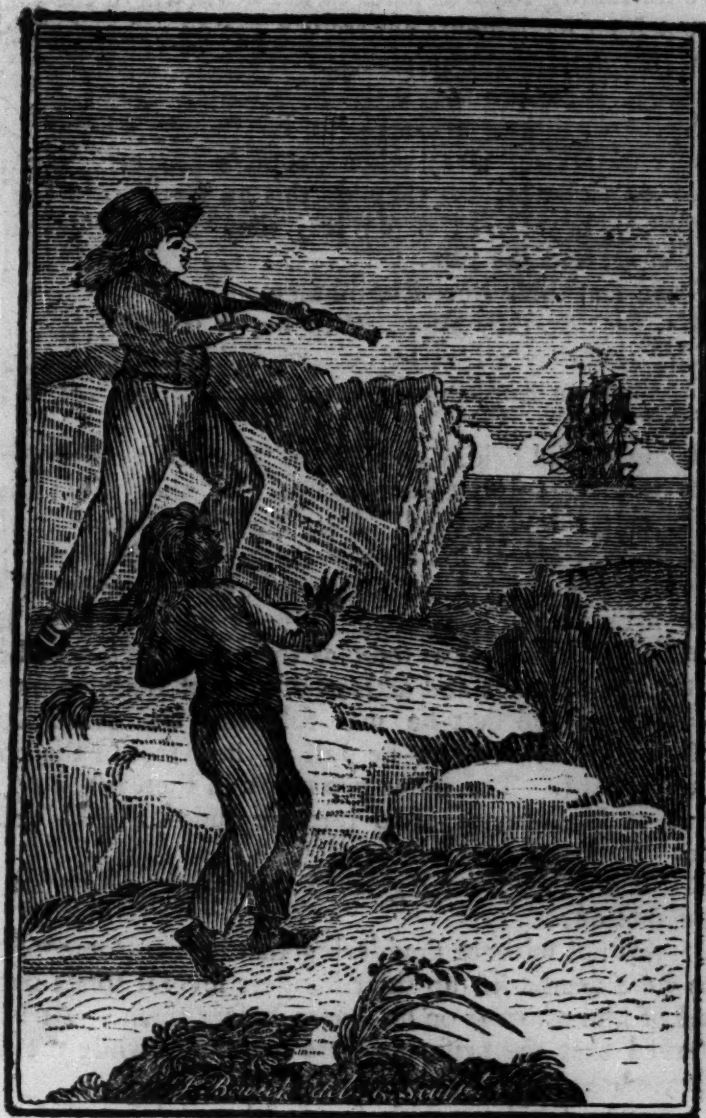
A week was now elapsed without any appearance of the deputies. Friday ran twenty times a day to the top of the hillock or the sea-side, and wearied his eyes to no purpose in looking out for them. One day Friday came bawling like a madman,—“They are coming!—they are coming!”

At these agreeable tidings Robinson took his prospect glass, and hastened to the top of the hillock; but when he put the glass to his eye, the joy that was in his countenance disappeared, and he said to Friday, shaking his head, “I doubt whether those are the people that we wish for.”

Robinson looked at the object a second time, and being convinced that they were not his friends, he communicated his alarms to Friday, who was already much disquieted.

“My friend,” said he, “it is an English boat, with English sailors in it. Follow me,” added he, taking the road to an eminence from whence they could better discover the Northern coast. Scarce had they reached it and looked out to sea, when they perceived, at the distance of about a couple of leagues, a large English ship lying at anchor.

Surprise, fear, and joy, seized Robinson's breast by turns: joy, at the sight of a ship which might perhaps carry him to his own country; surprise and fear, because he could not conceive what had brought an English ship upon these coasts.



It could not be a storm; the weather had been quite calm for some weeks. Nor could the ship's course have occasioned her to come that way. What reason could the captain have for sailing towards parts of the world where the English have neither settlements nor trade? He apprehended, therefore, that they might be pirates.

*Henry.* What are they?

*Mr. Bill.* There are men to be found, who make no scruple of taking away other people's property, either by fraud or violence. If they do this on land, they are called *thieves*, or *robbers*; if on sea, they are called *pirates*, *freebooters*, and the like.

*Edw.* But these were Englishmen.

*Mr. Bill.* So they appeared to be, it is true; but it was possible that they might be outlaws and pirates, who, having seized upon an English ship, had dressed themselves in English clothing.

Robinson and Friday posted themselves on a rising ground, from whence, without being perceived, they could have an eye upon whatever passed. They saw the boat, with eleven men in it, come to land at about a mile from the place where they were. The strangers landed; eight of them were armed, and the other three tied neck and heels. These they unbound as soon as they were upon the beach. By the countenance and actions of one of them in particular, they judged that he was soliciting the compassion of those who were armed: he fell at their feet in the posture of a suppliant. The other two now and then lifted up their hands to Heaven, as if to implore succour and deliverance.

Robinson, shocked and grieved at this sight, knew not what to resolve on.

It was not without shuddering that he saw some of those who were armed lift up their hangers several times over the head of him who was on his knees before them. At last, he observed that the prisoners were left alone, while the others dispersed themselves in the woods.

All three sat down with sorrowful and desponding hearts on the spot where the rest left them.

This sight reminded Robinson of his own deplorable situation the day he was cast ashore upon the island, and it inspired him with the resolution of risking every thing for the preservation of these unfortunate people, if they should prove deserving

deserving of it. Having thus determined, he sent Friday home with orders to bring as many guns, pistols, hangers, and as much ammunition, as he could carry.

*Harriet.* What is ammunition?

*Mr. Bill.* Powder and ball. Friday having performed his errand, and all the fire-arms being charged, they observed that the sailors were lain down in the shade to sleep, during the violent heat of the noon-day. Robinson, having waited a quarter of an hour, advanced confidently towards the three prisoners, who were still sitting in the same spot with their backs to him. When Robinson, approaching them, called out suddenly, "Who are you?" they were all three thunder-struck.

They all started up, and were going to run away; but Robinson bade them fear nothing, for he was come to assist them. "You are, then, sent from Heaven," said one of them, surveying him with the greatest astonishment. "All assistance comes from Heaven," replied Robinson; "but, not to lose time, tell me in what consists your distress." "I am captain of that ship," said one of them; then pointing to his companions, "this," continued he, "was my mate, and that gentleman a passenger. My sailors mutinied and seized the ship; their intention at first was to kill me, and these my two companions; however, they have at length yielded to our entreaties, and spared our lives: but this boon is almost as bad as death itself: they expose us on this desert island, where, being in want of every thing, we are sure to perish miserably."

"On two conditions," said Robinson, "I will risk my blood and my life to relieve you from this extremity.

"They are these: While you remain upon this island, you shall conform in every thing to my will; and, if I succeed in recovering for you the possession of your ship, you shall give me and my companion a free passage to England." "We, the ship, and all that it contains, shall be wholly at your disposal," replied the captain.

"Very well," said Robinson. "I put a musket and a sword into each of your hands, on condition that you shall not use them until I think proper. Your assassins are now asleep and dispersed one from the other: come, let us try and master them without spilling any blood."

Friday carried with him the cords which had been taken off the three prisoners. The first sailor that they came up to

slept so soundly that they seized him by the hands and feet, and crammed a handkerchief into his mouth. They tied his hands behind his back, and commanded him to remain on the spot without stirring or making the least noise, on pain of being put to death that moment.

The second met with the same treatment. Providence appeared on this occasion the protector of innocence and avenger of villainy. Six of them were now tied, but the two last awoke, started up, and took their arms. "Wretches!" cried Robinson to them, "see where your companions lie! Be assured we are superior to you in force."

They threw down their arms, and, in their turn, fell upon their knees to entreat their captain's pardon. They were all conducted to the cavern which had been lately discovered, there to be confined.

After this, Robinson and Friday, with their new friends, went down to the boat: they drew it up on the beach, and bored holes in its bottom to render it for the present unfit for use.

*Henry.* Why did they do so?

*Mr. Bill.* They foresaw, that, when the first boat did not return, the people aboard would send a second. They chose, therefore, to put it out of their power to take back the first. •

What they expected happened accordingly. About three o'clock in the afternoon, they saw another boat put off from the ship towards the island. Robinson, with his companions, retired to a rising ground, in order to observe what measures circumstances might require them to pursue.

The boat having come to land, the men jumped out and ran to the first. They looked all round, and called their companions by their names, but nobody answered. They were ten in number, all well armed.

Robinson, being informed by the captain, that, amongst those whom they had made prisoners, there were three who from fear alone had joined in the mutiny, sent Friday and the mate for them immediately. On their appearance, the captain, after reproaching them a little for their behaviour, asked them, whether, if he should pardon them, they would remain faithful to him for the future. "To the last moment of our lives," they said, trembling, and immediately falling on their knees, and heartily repenting of their folly, shed tears of joy on being forgiven. The captain gave them back

back their arms, and desired them to yield a punctual obedience to their common chief.

In the mean time, the people of the second boat were firing their guns, with the expectation that their scattered comrades would hear them. At last, finding all their researches useless, they put off, intending to lie at anchor about a hundred yards from the shore. The captain and Robinson were apprehensive lest they should go back to the ship, and the crew should take the resolution of setting sail without their companions: to prevent which event, Robinson ordered Friday and one of the sailors to go behind the thickets, about a mile from the boat, and answer the men whenever they called, in order to draw the sailors after them to as great a distance as possible from shore; and, having done this, Friday and the sailor were to return as quick as they could by another way.

This stratagem succeeded completely. No sooner did the sailors in the boat hear a voice answer them, than they hastened to land again, and ran towards that quarter from whence they heard the voice, leaving two to guard the boat.

Friday and his companion performed their part admirably. They drew the sailors after them about three miles from the shore, and then they hastened back to join their commanders.

Night now came on, and it grew by degrees darker and darker. Robinson and his companions advanced silently towards the boat, unperceived by the two sailors who guarded it; then they all shewed themselves at once, and threatened the two men with instant death if they dared to stir a step. They begged for quarter, upon which Robinson's party went up to them, and tied their hands. This done, they made haste to draw up the boat to a considerable distance from the water, led away their two prisoners, and concealed themselves behind the bushes, to wait for the return of the other sailors. They came back straggling one after another, and all exceedingly fatigued with their unsuccessful expedition. Their astonishment and vexation at not finding the boat is impossible to be expressed. As soon as there were five of them together, one of those who had been pardoned was sent to them to ask whether they chose to lay down their arms and surrender that moment; adding, that, in case of their refusal.

fatal, the governor of the island had posted a detachment of fifty men not thirty yards off, whose fire could not possibly miss them though it was dark.

At the same time Robinson and his company made a clattering with their arms, to confirm the sailor's account of their number. "Can we hope for pardon?" said one of them. The captain, who was unseen, answered, "Thomas Smith, you know my voice; lay down your arms instantly, and you shall all have your lives spared, except Atkins."

They all immediately threw down their arms. Atkins begged for mercy. Then Friday and the three sailors were sent to tie their hands; and the other three mutineers, returning at the same time from their ramble, submitted to be tied with the rest.

Upon this, Robinson, as one of the governor's officers, came forward to the prisoners. The captain, who accompanied him, chose out those whom he thought capable of a sincere repentance: these were sent to be lodged near the entrance of the dwelling-place; the others were put into the cavern.

To-morrow evening, my dear children, you shall have the sequel of this adventure.

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### THIRTY-FIRST EVENING.

**MR. BILL.** My dear children, we now draw near the conclusion.

The sailors whose lives had been promised them, were lodged, as before mentioned, near the entrance of the dwelling-place; they were ten in number. Robinson informed them, that their offence being mutiny, they should not receive a full pardon, but on the condition of assisting their lawful commander to recover possession of his ship. Robinson added, that, if they acquitted themselves properly of this just duty, they would save the lives of their comrades in prison, who, if the

the ship was not recovered that very night, were all to be hanged the next morning at break of day.

In the mean time, the ship's carpenter was ordered immediately to repair the boat that had been scuttled ; and, as soon as this was done, they launched them both. It was agreed, that the captain should command one, and the mate the other. Every man had arms and ammunition.

Robinson, whose destiny was now going to be decided, felt an anxiety and agitation of mind that did not suffer him to rest.

Sometimes he sat down in the cave, sometimes he walked about upon the terrace, and sometimes he went up to the top of the hillock, to listen whether any thing was to be heard from that quarter where the ship lay. His anxiety was continually encreasing, because he expected the signal that had been agreed upon between them : three guns were to be the token of the captain's success, and it was already midnight. He at length seasonably recollected a maxim with which he had, not long ago, endeavoured to fortify his man Friday. " In a doubtful case," said he, " always expect the worst. If this worst does not happen, so much the better for you ; if it does, you are prepared for it, and have already destroyed half its power to hurt."

Consequently, Robinson considered as indubitable the ill success of the expedition. He now gave up all hope—when, suddenly, the deep and distant sound of a gun was heard. As if he had been roused out of his sleep, he listens—a second report—then a third !

Intoxicated with joy, he throws his hands round Friday's neck, and bedews him with his tears, unable to utter a single word. " What is the matter, my dear master ?" said Friday, terrified at all this hurry and sudden overflow of affection.

" Ah ! Friday !" was all the answer that Robinson, in the fulness of his joy, could return.

" Heaven have compassion on my poor master's head !" said Friday to himself, imagining him to have lost his senses.

" You must go to bed, my dear master." Robinson, in a tone of voice which expressed his transport, cried, " Me ! me to bed ! Friday, at the very moment when Heaven is crowning the only wish that my heart has cherished so long ! Did you not hear the three guns ?"

Fri-

Friday, on being informed of this fortunate event, rejoiced, it is true, but more on his master's account than his own. The thoughts of soon quitting his native climate for ever, damped the satisfaction which he would otherwise have enjoyed.

Robinson waited with impatience for the moment when broad day-light should give him a full view of the instrument of his deliverance. The moment comes—Heaven! is it possible? —Dreadful idea!—He sees, without the smallest room for doubt—that the ship is no longer there. He shrieks, and falls down in a swoon.

Friday ran to him, but was a long time before he could comprehend what was the matter with his master.

I see, my dear children, you are divided between joy and compassion. You all maintain a profound silence—I will take advantage of it, and go on.

Robinson shews us here, by his example, how careful men should be not to suffer their passions to get the better of them. If he had not at first indulged an immoderate joy, he would not afterwards have fallen into an excessive degree of sorrow; he would have reflected that Providence has means to rescue us from distress, even when we think it impossible. This reflection would have contributed to restore him to tranquillity.

While Robinson was desponding, and Friday endeavouring to comfort him, they were agreeably surprised to behold the captain coming up the hillock, accompanied by some of his people. Robinson sprung forward to take him by the hand, and happening to turn himself that way he perceived the ship at anchor in a creek on the Western side of the island. Judge whether his grief was banished in a moment.

Robinson was so overjoyed that he could not quit the captain, who on his side was no less delighted. The captain related the manner of his becoming master of the ship without killing or wounding a single person. The night was so dark that the mutineers never saw him, and so made not the least difficulty in receiving those on board who accompanied him. The most refractory were going, it is true, to stand upon their defence, but their resistance would have been vain, “It is you,” added he, with tears in his eyes, “it is you, generous man! who have saved me and restored my ship. It is now yours; you shall dispose both of that and me at your pleasure.”

In

In the mean time, Robinson related his strange adventures, which more than once excited the captain's highest admiration. The latter entreated Robinson to tell him what he should do for him. "Besides what I stipulated yesterday," answered he, "I have three things more to desire of you. In the first place, I request you to wait the return of the Spaniards and my man Friday's father: 2dly, to receive aboard your ship, not only me and my people, but also all the Spaniards, whom you will land in their own country, sailing to Cadiz for that purpose: lastly, to pardon the principal mutineers, and to punish them no otherwise than by letting them remain here on my island."

The captain, having assured him that these articles should be punctually performed, sent for the prisoners, picked out the most guilty, and told them their sentence, which they heard with a degree of satisfaction, very well knowing that by law they were liable to be put to death. Robinson recommended to them, over and over, to put their trust in Heaven, to agree together, and to be industrious, assuring them that the practice of these virtues would not a little contribute towards rendering their confinement in this island agreeable.

He was still speaking, when Friday brought the pleasing news that his father was coming with the Spaniards, and that they were that moment landing. Friday flew to the sea-side, and embraced his father again and again, before the rest came up.

Robinson saw with surprise, that, amongst those who came in the boats, there were two women. He questioned Thursday concerning them, who told him that they were natives whom the two Spaniards had married. As soon as these two Spaniards learned that Robinson intended to leave some sailors behind him upon the island, they requested permission to remain there with their wives.

Robinson readily consented to it. He was well pleased that two men should remain upon his island, of whom all their comrades gave the most excellent character, as it was possible that they might bring back the mutineers, with whom they were left, to a regular and peaceable life. With this view he resolved to give the Spaniards a degree of authority over them.

Those who were to be left on the island were six Englishmen, and two Spaniards with their wives. Robinson called

called the whole together, and declared his will to them in the following words:

“I hope none of you will dispute my right to do as I please with the property of this island and all that belongs to it. I wish equal happiness to all of you who remain here after me. To secure it, there must be a certain order and subordination amongst you, which it belongs only to me to prescribe. I declare, therefore, that I appoint the two Spaniards as substitutes in my place, and that they shall for the future be the lawful masters of the island. You shall all pay them the strictest obedience; they alone shall have possession of the little fort and live there; they alone shall have under their care all the arms, ammunition, and tools, but which they will lend you, whenever you have occasion for them, provided you be quiet and peaceable. Perhaps one day or other I may have an opportunity of hearing from you. Perhaps I may even resolve to come and finish my days in this island, such an affection do I feel for it even at this moment.”

They all agreed to these regulations, and promised the most perfect obedience.

Robinson then took an inventory of the few goods that he intended to carry away with him. They were, 1st, the dress of skins that he had made for himself, together with the umbrella and the mask: 2dly, the spear, the bow and arrows, and the stone hatchet, which were also his own workmanship: 3dly, Poll, the spaniel, and two lamas: 4thly, several utensils and pieces of furniture, which he had made while he was alone: 5thly, the gold-dust and diamonds: and lastly, the lump of gold which was his own property.

All these articles being carried aboard, and the wind favourable, their departure was fixed for the next day.

The captain, to contribute in some measure to the welfare of the new inhabitants of the island, ordered a quantity of provisions to be brought from the ship, together with gunpowder, iron, and working tools, all which he bestowed as a present on the colony.

Towards evening, Robinson made his excuses, and begged permission to be alone for an hour. Every one withdrawing, he went to the top of the hillock; there he revolved in his mind the series of events that had happened during his abode upon the island, and his heart, full of the liveliest filial gratitude, opened itself in thanksgiving to his Supreme Benefactor.

The



The time of their departure being arrived, Robinson affectionately exhorted the colony to be unanimous, industrious, and, above all, religious; and, bearing in his breast a regard for the welfare of the whole, he recommends them as his brothers to that divine protection which he had always wonderfully experienced. He looks round once more with inward satisfaction, and for the last time he bids farewell to the inhabitants whom he leaves in the island, but in a voice scarcely to be heard. At length he goes aboard, accompanied by Thursday and Friday.

*Some of the Children.* Now the story is ended.

*Rich.* Pray, have patience; who knows whether some obstacle may not yet happen to hinder his departure?

*Mr. Bill.* The wind was fresh, and blew so favourably that the island seemed to withdraw from them very fast. As long as it was in sight, Robinson kept his eyes fixed upon the spot, which, from his having lived upon it for 12 years, was become almost as dear to him as his own native country.

They had a very fine voyage, and in twenty-four days cast anchor in the harbour of Cadiz, where they landed all their Spanish passengers. Robinson went into the town to enquire for the merchant to whom the barrel of gold-dust belonged which he had saved from the wreck. He was fortunate enough to find him, and to learn that the honest merchant, by recovering this gold, would be extricated from the greatest difficulties.

The barrel of gold-dust was more than sufficient to pay off the merchant's debts. Penetrated with gratitude, he wished to bestow the remainder upon his benefactor. Robinson, far from accepting it, declared that he was already too well rewarded in the satisfaction of having prevented the ruin of an honest merchant.

From Cadiz they set sail for England. In this part of the voyage a melancholy event happened. Thursday fell suddenly ill, and died, in spite of all the assistance that could be given him. The two lamas, also, being no longer able to endure the voyage and the sea air, died soon after.

The ship arrived without any accident at Portsmouth. Robinson hoped to find there the widow to whom he was to restore the diamonds. He found her, indeed, according to the direction that he had received for her, but in very low circumstances. She and her children were reduced to very great distress; in short, they were almost in rags, and poverty

verty was painted in the countenance of each person of the family. Robinson, therefore, once more experienced the satisfaction, so delightful to every man of benevolence, of being an instrument in the hands of Providence to dry up the tears of the unfortunate. He gave her the diamonds; and as a plant that is almost parched in stalk and branches recovers its strength and verdure after a kindly and refreshing shower, he saw this family lift up their heads once more, make a proper figure in society, and enjoy a happiness arising from independence which they had long since despaired of attaining.

As Robinson found here a small vessel going to Plymouth immediately, he took leave of his captain, not chusing to go by land, and hastened with Friday aboard the Plymouth vessel, which set sail that same evening.

This short passage was soon performed. They were already in sight of the Eddystone light-house, when all of a sudden a violent storm arose, which carried the vessel to the Westward. All that skill and activity could do was put in practice to tack and keep out to sea, but to no purpose: a furious gulf of wind rendered all their exertions useless; it forced the ship upon a sand-bank with such violence that she bulged.

The people had scarce time to take to their boats, which was the only resource they had to preserve their lives.

They fortunately reached shore at a place not far from Plymouth. Robinson saved out of all his effects nothing but his faithful spaniel, who swam after the boat, and Poll, his parrot, which flew upon his shoulder the moment she saw him leave the ship. He stopped in Plymouth that night, and the next day learned, that, amongst the goods saved from the wreck, were his umbrella and suit of cloaths made of skins. These, being of no use to the finder, were restored to him by a fisherman for a trifling gratuity. As to his great wedge of gold, it was lost irrecoverably.

*Rich. Poor Robinson!*

*Mr. Bill.* He is now exactly as rich as when he formerly set sail from Plymouth. As to Robinson, this loss gave him very little concern. Proposing, as he did, to live, all the rest of his days, as soberly and with the same perseverance in labour as he had whilst upon his island, he found a lump of gold to be quite unnecessary in the prosecution of such a plan.

He now took the coach for his native city Exeter. He had already learned at Portsmouth that his mother was dead, and he had bitterly lamented her loss. At length he stops in Exeter: his heart beating with joy, he springs out of the coach, and if it had not been for the numbers of people in the street, he would have fallen on his face to kiss the ground of his native city.

Going into the inn at which the carriage stopped, he chose to send to his father, in order to prepare him by degrees for the unexpected return of his son. The man who was charged with this message had orders to tell the old gentleman, at first, that a person desired to speak with him, who brought him agreeable news from his son: he was, after some time, to add, that his son was coming to Exeter; and, lastly, to declare that the bearer of these agreeable tidings was his son himself. Without this preparation, the good old man might have been seized with such an excess of joy as would have cost him his life.

After this precaution, Robinson, who still knew the streets perfectly well, flies to his father's house. As soon as he arrived there, in a transport of inexpressible extacy he throws himself into his father's arms, who trembled all over. "Oh, my father!"—"My dear son!"—was all that they could say. Throbbing and speechless, they remained some time locked in each other's arms; at length, a seasonable flood of tears relieved both their breasts, which were almost suffocated with joy.

Friday, whom the multitude of different objects that he saw filled with surprise, was staring about in silence. His eyes could never have enough.

In the mean time, the noise of Robinson Crusoe's return and his surprising adventures was spread rapidly through the city of Exeter. His father's house was for ever full of people, and Robinson was employed in relating his story from morning to evening; in the course of which he never forgot to address to the fathers and mothers who heard him the following exhortation, "If you love your children, I pray you, teach them, in their early years, to be godly, sober, and laborious:" and if there happened to be young persons present, he was careful to give them this wholesome advice, "My dear children, obey your parents and your teachers; learn diligently whatever you have a capacity

capacity to learn; fear God, and be careful—oh, be careful to avoid idleness! It is the mother of every vice.”

Robinson's father was by profession a broker, and he wished to see his son apply to his own business, in order to take it up after his death; but Robinson, long accustomed to the pleasure of manual labour, begged his permission to learn the trade of a carpenter, and his father not opposing his inclination, he put himself, together with Friday, apprentice to that business, in which they made such proficiency, that, before the end of the year, they could work with as much neatness and dispatch as any of the trade in Exeter.

After some time, they opened the business in partnership, and during their whole lives remained faithful friends and inseparable companions. Industry and sobriety were so much a second nature to them, that they could not have passed even half a day in idleness or loose living. In remembrance of their former solitary way of life, they pitched upon one day in the week to live in the same manner as they used in their island, as far as that could be done. Concord between themselves, indulgence for the faults of others, beneficence towards those whom they knew, and humanity to all men, were virtues so habitual to them, that they could not conceive how any one who neglected the practice of them could be happy. They were particularly distinguished by a pure, sincere, and active piety. Therefore, the blessing of Heaven visibly crowned all their endeavours. Being always actively employed about something useful, they reached a very advanced age in health and peace; and the remotest posterity will respect the memory of two men, who, by their example, have shewn to the world in what manner we may best work out our temporal welfare in this life, and our eternal happiness in the next.

Here Mr. Billingsley was silent; the children continued sitting some little time longer, in deep reflection, until this thought, *I will endeavour to do the same*, which resulted as a moral from what they had heard, took root in the breast of each, and acquired the force of an iramoveable resolution.

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